M 186.4
H25h

HUNGARIAN MELODIES

FOR THE PIANOFORTE

BY

ARTHUR HARTMANN

Philadelphia
Theodore Presser Co.
1712 Chestnut Str.

TO MAMUSKA—MY BABY GIRL

HUNGARIAN MELODIES

FOR THE PIANOFORTE

HARMONIZED BY

ARTHUR HARTMANN

PRICE $1.00

Philadelphia
Theodore Presser Co.
1712 Chestnut Str.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY THEO. PRESSER CO.
BRITISH COPYRIGHT SECURED

INTRODUCTION

In presenting this collection of old and ancient Hungarian Melodies, it has been my aim to faithfully transcribe them in the manner in which they are played by the Hungarians and the Gypsies, while also giving expression to my personal idealism with regard to Hungarian music.

The world is well acquainted with certain features of this music and is accustomed to have a mournful introductory slow movement—though extremely rhapsodic and ornate—followed by a "Friss" or "Csárdás," played with rousing fire and at a tremendous speed. This is quite in keeping with the Hungarian character and nature, for as their national poet, Petofi, has sung,—"Weepingly the Hungarian makes merry."

As a people, they are slow of gait, dignified in speech and true to their Oriental inheritance, love embellishments even in compositions of the most poignant intensity. Yet once the Hungarian is aroused his wrath is very fierce, and his speech comes with the rapidity which his mad emotions express in the Dance.

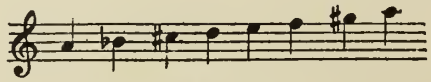
I have preferred to make the American public acquainted with the more lyric and poetic side of Hungarian music and venture to say that the majority of this collection has never been printed on this continent. Tnrough my familiarity with the Czimbalom, Hungary's national instrument, these melodies have been presented in the manner in which the Gypsies play them, and it is this manner of embellishment, added to a subtly poetic RUBATO, which lends them their peculiarly unique charm.

The origin of Hungarian music is an unfathomable mystery, for though it is erroneously supposed to have been created by the Gypsies, there exists a wide difference between the two.

Notwithstanding, it must be conceded that the Gypsies (who took up their abode in Hungary in the beginning of the 15th century) have largely contributed thereto, most notably Czinka Panna (born in the early part of the 18th century, died 1772), the famous woman violinist, leader of a band at the age of 14, and a composer of merit; and Bihari János (1769-1827). A number of Hungarian composers of Folk songs belonged—and do belong—to the nobility; and one, Csermák Antal (1771), was a Bohemian nobleman. It may here be appropriate to remark that in Hungary the family name is always given first.

Csermák as a youth, having heard Bihari, was so fascinated by the latter's art that he moved to Hungary and placing himself under the tuition of Lavotta János (another Hungarian noble, born 1764, died 1820) absorbed the Hungarian music, heart and soul, and became an innovator in Hungarian dance-forms besides being quite a composer, though inferior to the above mentioned.

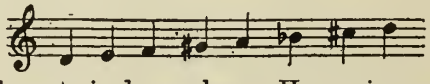
The introduction of the so-called Hungarian scale—



much used in his compositions—is first attributed to Lavotta, commonly called "The Hungarian Orpheus," who was the teacher of both Csermák and Bihari.

There have been many claims to the establishment of a Hungarian scale; but the researches of the most profound musicians fail to corroborate them; for it is proved that the Hungarians employ, among others, also the Chinese (or five-tone scale) as well as the harmonic and melodic minor.

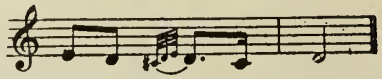
The scale of



so long characterized as also a Hungarian scale, is of decidedly mongrel origin, and cannot, with truth, be claimed to be even the Gypsy scale. It is an Oriental strayling and is to be found among the Egyptians and the Hebrews centuries before the Huns or the Gypsies began their wanderings.

The peculiarities of the Hungarian music—apart from the well-known rhythm

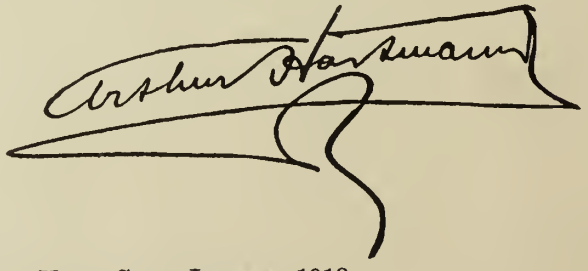
due to the characteristics of the Hungarian language, in which the first syllable is invariably accented, and the cadence



are in the construction of three and six-measure phrases and the modulation from the dominant to the *sixth* degree of the scale, instead of to the tonic, except at the end of the composition. Consecutive fifths and octaves are also a part of the elemental strength of this music, as well as mixed meters of $\frac{5}{4}$ and $\frac{7}{4}$, and other variants.

This collection is intended to be played in groups of at least ten numbers.

There remains but to add modestly that the translations are my own.



New York City, January, 1918.

H252

List of Titles, With Poems and Their Translations

1.—A macskának négy lába van...
The cat has four legs...

2.—A mióta szeretőm vagy...
Since you are my sweetheart..

3.—A mely kis lány sokat szeret...
Which little girl loves much...

4.—Este van már, szerelmesek napja...
It is dusk, of a lover's day...

5.—Szitnya, Léva, Csábrág. Szitnya, Léva, Csábrág, Murány, 1594.
The names of old forts.

6.—Húzzad csak, húzzad csak keservessen.
Play on, play on bitterly, so that my heart may break.

7.—A korcsmában...
In the tavern...

8.—Csicsó néni.
Aunt Csicsó. (A notorious song.)

9.—Ez a kis lány jaj be czifra. (Popularly known as "Here, tyú, tyú, tyú.")
This little girl, my how fancy. (Translation of title.) Popularly, the verse is, "Ha a tyúknak füle volna, here tyú, tyú, tyú." Translated, *"If the hen had ears, heigho, tyú, tyú, tyú."*

10.—Mikor én még legény voltam...
When I was a free lance, and knocked on the gates—one, two, three—they all opened to me.

11.—Régi nóta.
An old song.

12.—Régi Népdal.
Old folk-song.

13.—Falu végén czifra csárda..
At the village end a fancy tavern stands;
But more lovely is the taverner's daughter.
She lures all men, and deceives the one who loves her...

14.—Márosszéki piros páris...
The red apples of Márosszéki, (a village in Hungary.)

15.—Elmehetsz már angyalom...
You may go now, my angel,
On your account I will not wear out the heels of my boots;
You may lean to the right and left, like the reed-grass—
As many stars, so many maidens,—I'll get another!

16.—Nincsen annyi tenger csillag az égen...
There are not so many countless seas of stars as that you are in my thoughts. If you loved me as intensely our love would be deeper and greater than the ocean.

17.—Kurucz tábori dal. (1672.)
Kurucz camp song. The "Kuruczes" were a branch of the Hungarian people and it may with truth be claimed that under the reign of Rákóczi, Hungarian music, as also poetry, attained it's Golden Age. In reality, this is a drinking-song, with the following text:
You're the boy, Tyukody old pal; not like the others, like Kuczug Balázs. May our country then, be blessed with a good vintage. Not one cent, but two dollars do we need then, old pal!
This melody is extremely old and dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was used to the words, "While the world lasts, (King) Mathew's name will not be forgot." In its present form, but known as *"A hires Chlopitzky Nóta,"* (The famous Chlopitzky song) the Gypsies played it at the end of the eighteenth century; yet, even then, it was sung to the words, "Oh what a rascal is the German!" It was used, highly embellished, by Franz Liszt in his Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody.

18.—Haj! Rákóczi! Bercsényi! (1708.)*
Ho! Rákóczi! Bercsényi! (Kurucz song, 1708.)
Ho! Rákóczi! Bercsényi! Bezerédy!
Noble leaders of Hungarian Heroes!
What have you become?
Where have you gone? O choice heroes!

19.—Sárga csizmás Miska verbunkos.
Yellow-booted Nick's recruiting song. (1809.)

20.—A hires Chlopiczky nóta.
The famous Chlopiczky song. (Second half of the 18th century.)

21.—Nem loptam én életemben...
Never in my life have I stolen...

22.—Foldre húll a mandulafa virága...
The almond-tree blossoms fall to the ground...

23.—Két lánya volt a falunak...
Two maidens had the village, two roses,
The hearts of both yearned for happiness.
One we accompanied on her bridal morn,
The other we silently followed to the grave.

Widowed woman, bemoan not your child,
Nor rejoice, you other, over your daughter's nuptials.
Who knows which one met the better fate?
Which had the wedding,—which the funeral!

24.—Rongyos csárda két oldalán ajtó...
A ragged tavern with doors at the sides....

25.—Sárga ugorkának zöld a levele...
Yellow cucumbers have green leaves...

26.—Az én torkom álló malom...
My throat is a standing mill...

27.—Panaszkodik az esti szél...
The plaint of the evening wind...

28.—Szakitanék veled rózsám...
Could I but forsake you, my rose...

29.—Lassú csárdás.
Slow tavern dance.

30. Elfelejtettem a neved...
I have forgotten your name...
I have forgotten your name, my dove,
However, I rack my brain;
Yet you told me often enough, in the midst of the dance, indeed, I lie not; a thousand times or so.
Lord help me! Julcsa, Panna, Érzsike, Lidi, Sári; Klári, Mári, Tercsike...Indeed none, for it grows in a garden, it opens to the sun,..Pink like a rose.

31.—Hová tüntél...?
Where have you vanished...?
Where have you vanished, my glorious rose?
Where have you vanished, my sweet youth?
I too had hopes, had dreams, but oh! how long ago; perhaps it never was,...perhaps never!

*Used by Liszt in 1884 in his Hungarian Coronation Hymn.

32.—Az én lelkem feketébe öltözik...
My soul is garbed in black...
It has flown to the tops of the Cypress trees,
To it clings every dark woe,
It wails for the loss of my rose.

33.—Volt nekem egy daruszőrű paripám...
I had a crane-coloured, long-maned horse...
I had a crane-coloured, long-maned horse, but the Szeged (a city in Hungary) *captain sold him. I wasn't even there, nor at the blessed stirrup-cup—Heigho! Well, no matter—more than this was lost at Mohács!*
I had a sweetheart; for years I wept over it. She was my daily death. Not yet am I rid of her—though another has her. Heigho! Well, no matter—more than this was lost at Mohács! (Pronounce: Mohahtch.)

The battle at Mohács was fought on a beautiful summer morning, on August 29th, 1526, when 25,000 Hungarians were pitched against more than 200,000 Turks, and was decided in less than one and one-half hours. The Hungarians left 7 Prelates and Archbishops, 28 Barons, 500 members of the high aristocracy and over 22,000 slain soldiers on the Plains. The Turks took possession of Hungary and made it their abode until 1687. By a curious fatality, the Turkish yoke was definitely thrown off in another battle at Mohács, on Aug. 12, 1687, or almost to the day, 161 years later. This time, the Turks left over 20,000 dead on the field. The refrain of this song, "Heigho! Well, no matter—more than this was lost at Mohács," became, and still is, a national proverb.

34.—Megátkoztam csalfa szíved.
I have cursed your deceiving heart,
I avoid your whereabouts,
But my soul, oh my soul,
In silence weeps for you.

The cast-away branch at the road's end
Can never blossom again;
The cast-away heart, my poor heart.
Why did it not die?

35.—Bár merre jár...
Wherever my glances go
All for me is hollow;
A desert is the meadow,
Desert the landscape...
Like a heart that aches in vain...

36.—Nem parancsol nekem senki...
Nobody bosses me...

37.—Míg a tóban halak lesznek...
So long as there will be fish in the pond...

38.—Rózsaszőllő édesebb...
Red grapes are sweeter...

39.—Régi Népdal.
Ancient folk-song.

40.—Eszem azt a kis kezedet...
Oh, I eat that tiny hand of yours!
My dearest rose, why did you not write to-day?
For see, to-day the bird also sings and the rose is fragrant.
Oh, I eat that tiny hand of yours!
My dearest rose, write a short, tiny letter!
One single word will do, only answer,
Do you still love me?

41.—Vékony héja van a piros almának...
The pink apple has a thin skin...
A weak heart has my sweet mother;
The weak heart of my sweet mother will break
If her son is taken for a soldier.

42.—Lassú magyar táncz.
Slow Hungarian Dance.

43.—Édes anyám, nagy a bajom...
Dear mother, great is my trouble...

44.—Pálfy huszár...
The hussar Palfy asks his blue-eyed sweetheart to dance. To the tones of the Czimbalom he knicks his heels. Up and down and around her he dances and embraces her; and then he flings three ragged bank notes on the Czimbalom.

45.—Mit integetsz a kendődel...?
To whom do you beckon with your kerchief?
Perhaps you are signalling your lover?
With me, too, you spoke like this,
Me too you signalled and called.

But one more request grant me,
Give me that kerchief, so I may wipe away my tears,
I'll give it back—and then you may beckon!

46.—(The same.)

47.—Hármat fűttyentett.
Thrice the train whistled.

Thrice the Arad (a city in Hungary) train whistles. They are taking away, taking away the Hussars. "Why weepest thou, my little violet?" "Only a little fly, sweet mother, which has flown into my eye." "My girl, my little girl, my weak violet; do not chagrin. Be not sad for the Hussars, for see, I too, in my girlhood days always thought I would die without them,—yet I am here."

48.—Hej! fosztóka, kukorica fosztóka.
Ah, vagrant, little corn thief—
Since I've been there, I have no peace.
My soul, my very soul would weep or laugh;
Of my peace, of my heart,
A little brown one has robbed me.

A cornstalk may bear two ears—
But what would you with two hearts, my flower?
Since you have stolen my heart, my rose,
Give me then yours, little angel.

49.—Be szomorú ez az élet.
Oh, how sad is this life.

50.—Messze hallik...
Twilight bells echoing in the distance...
Long the silver-toned sheepbells vibrate in the distance—
Quiet evening descends on the melancholy plains—
My little flute sounds mournfully in the silent dusk,
My old rose, do you hear it?

To the sound of the flute, why do acorns grow?
This little girl, how lovely, yet faithless!
In vain my little flute weeps into the night—
My old rose is in the arms of another—

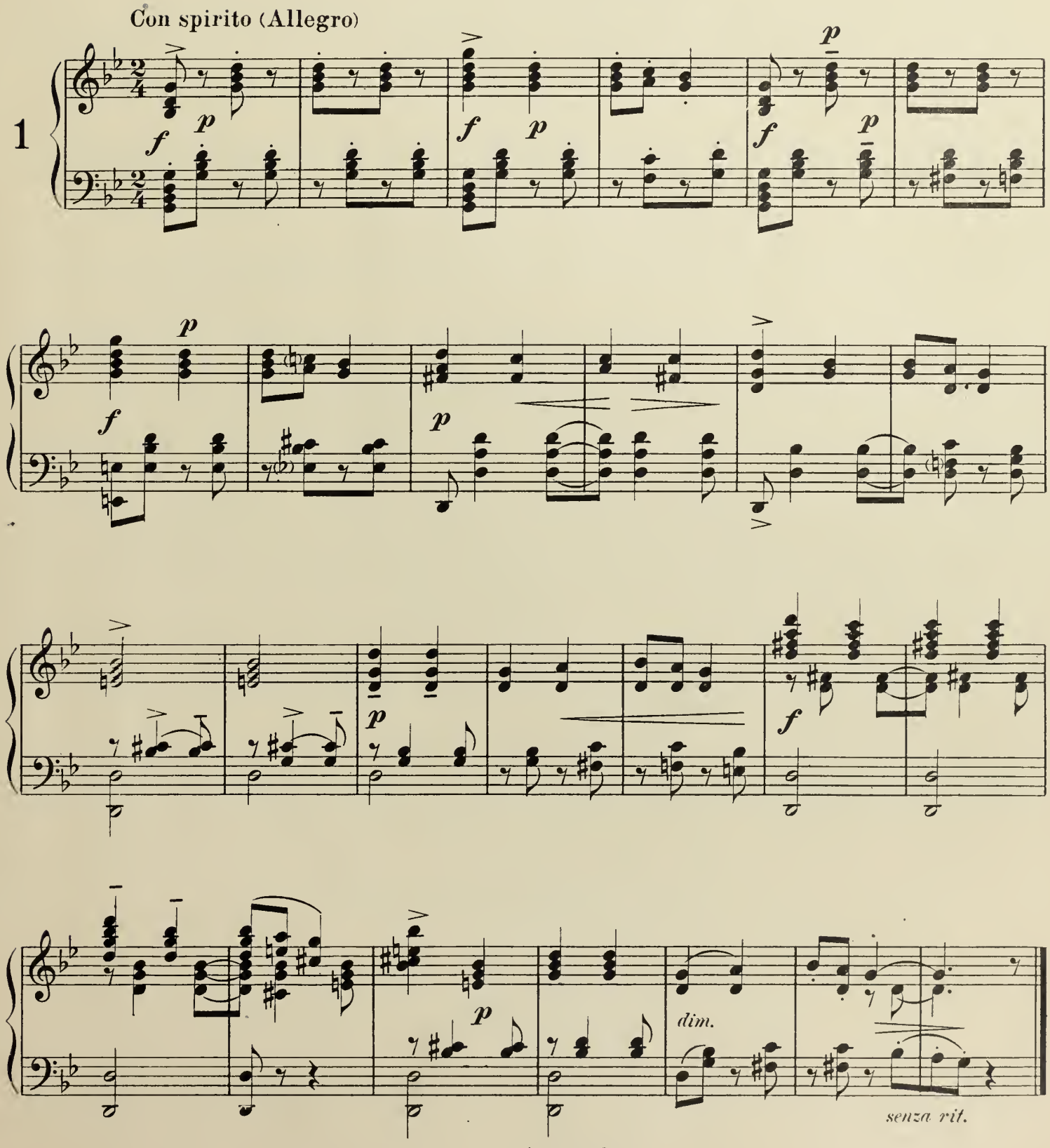
51.—Húzd ki czigány a vonodot egészen...
Pull the entire bow, Gypsy.
Pull the entire length of your bow, oh Gypsy, so that the dried wood becomes soul—and speaks!
Now let the violin's four strings clang and vibrate, till they have wept away the pain of my wretchedness...

HUNGARIAN MELODIES

ARTHUR HARTMANN

A macskának négy lába van----

The cat has four legs----

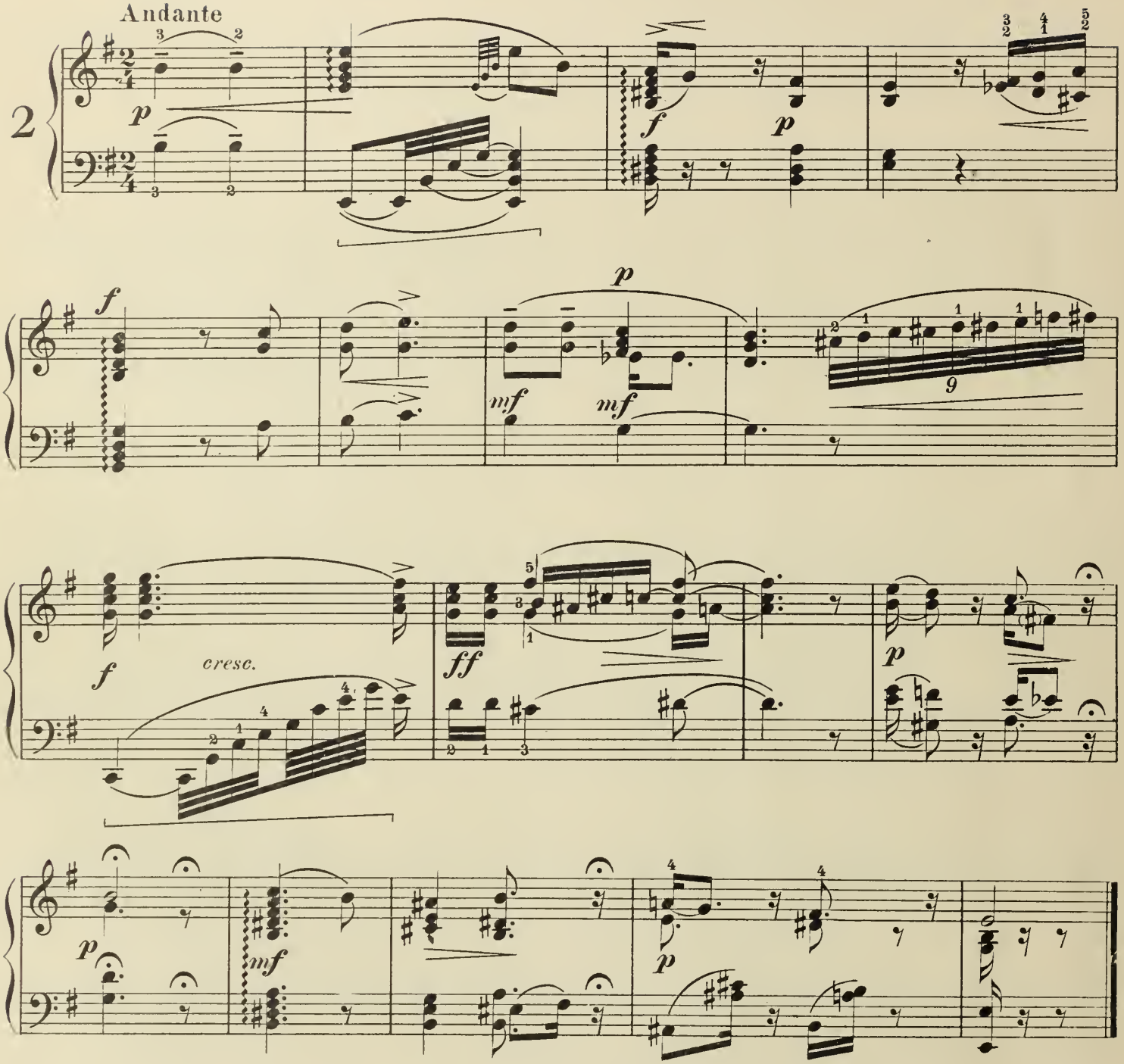


M 4450

Copyright 1918 by Theo. Presser Co.

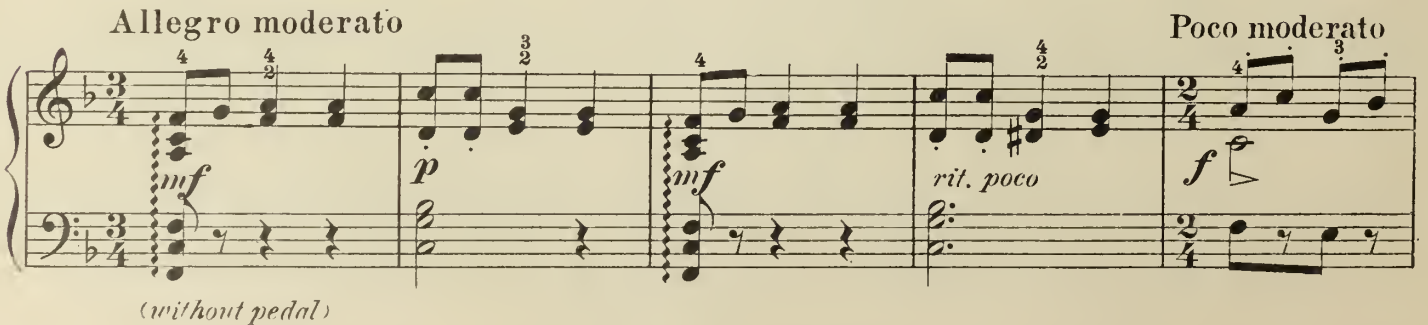
A mióta szeretőm vagy----

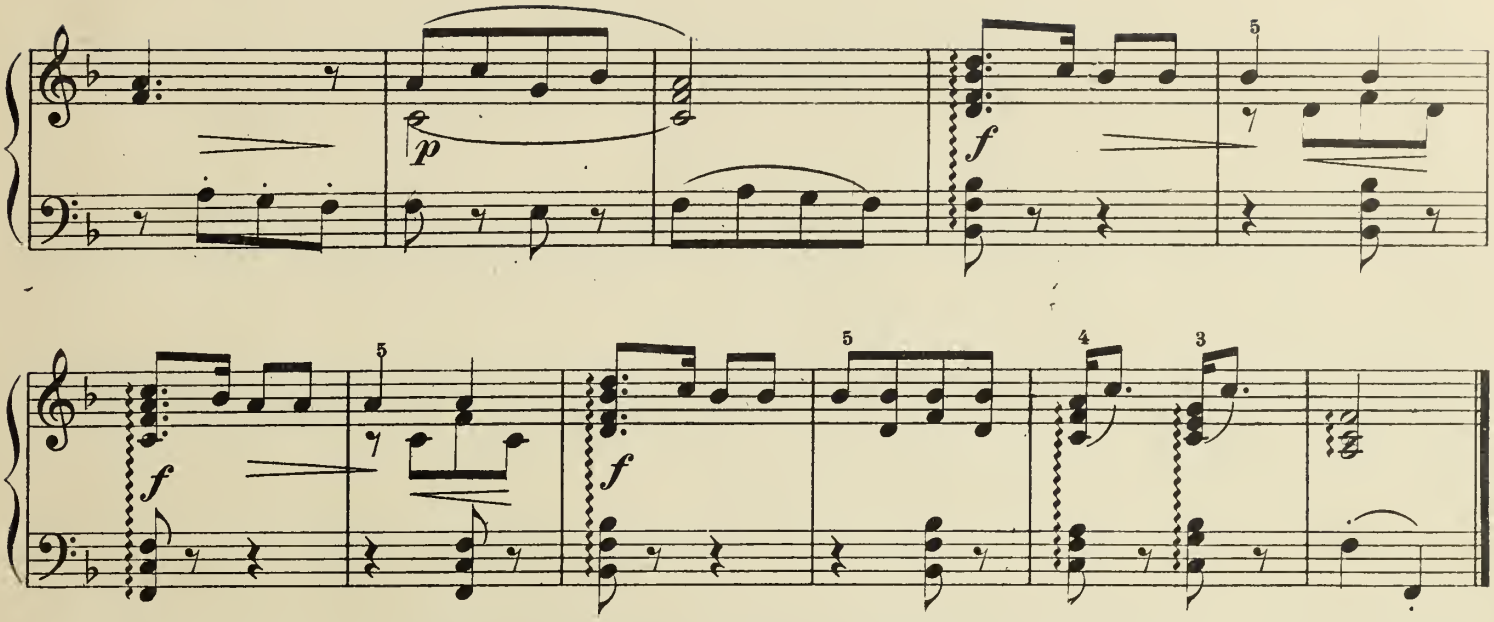
Since you are my sweetheart----



A mely kis lány sokat szeret----

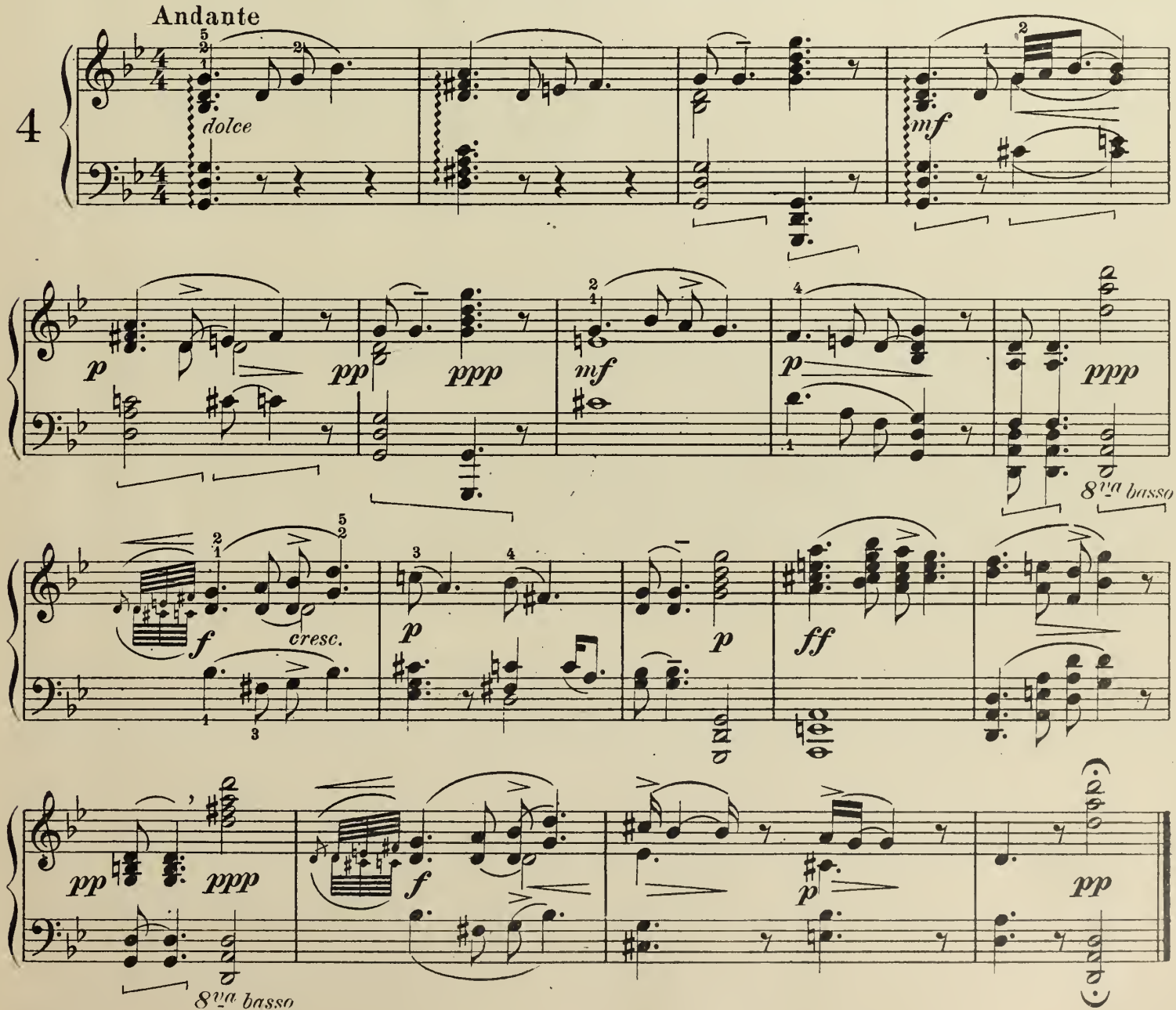
Which little girl loves much----





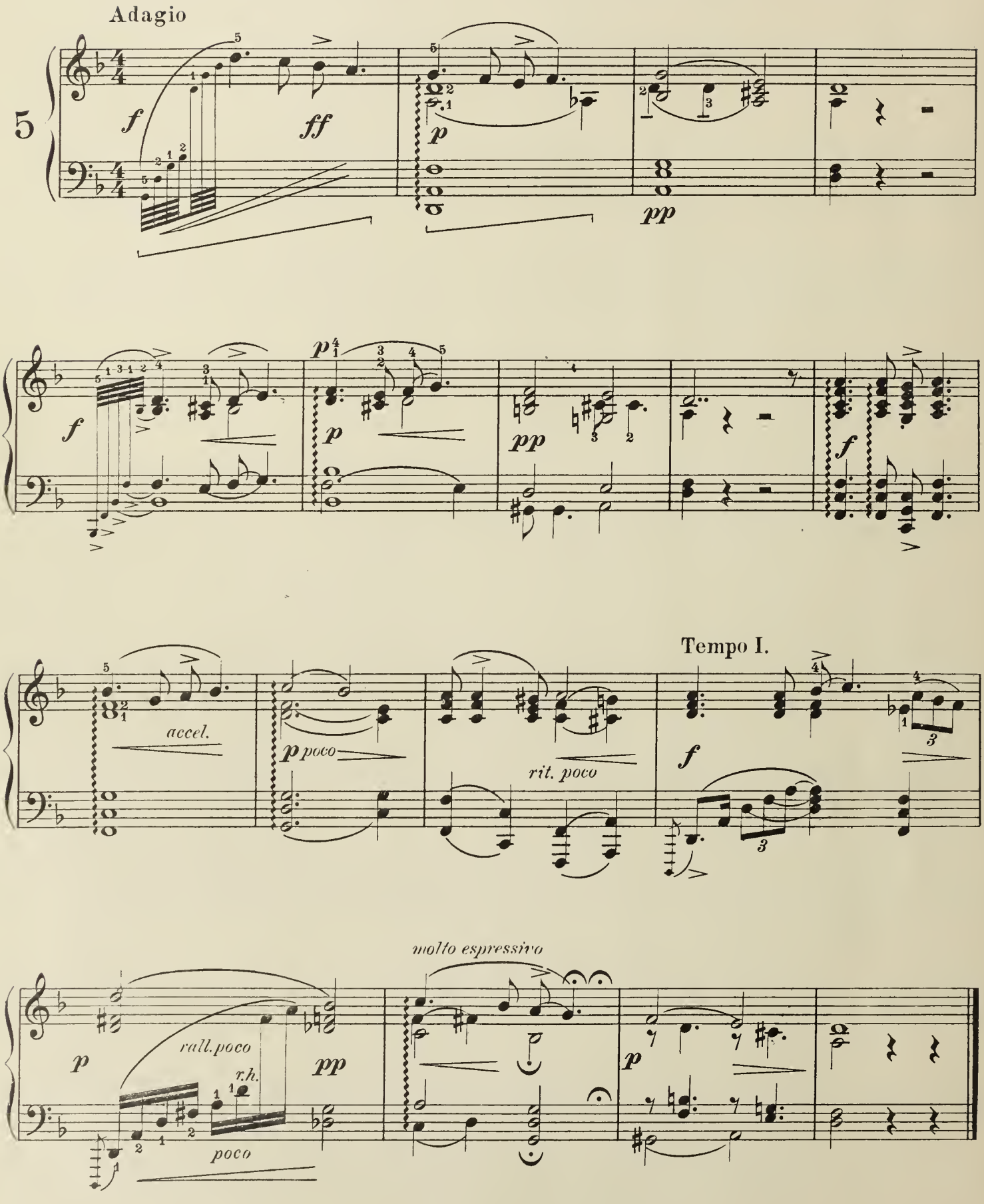
Este van már, szerelmesek napja----

It is dusk, of a lover's day----



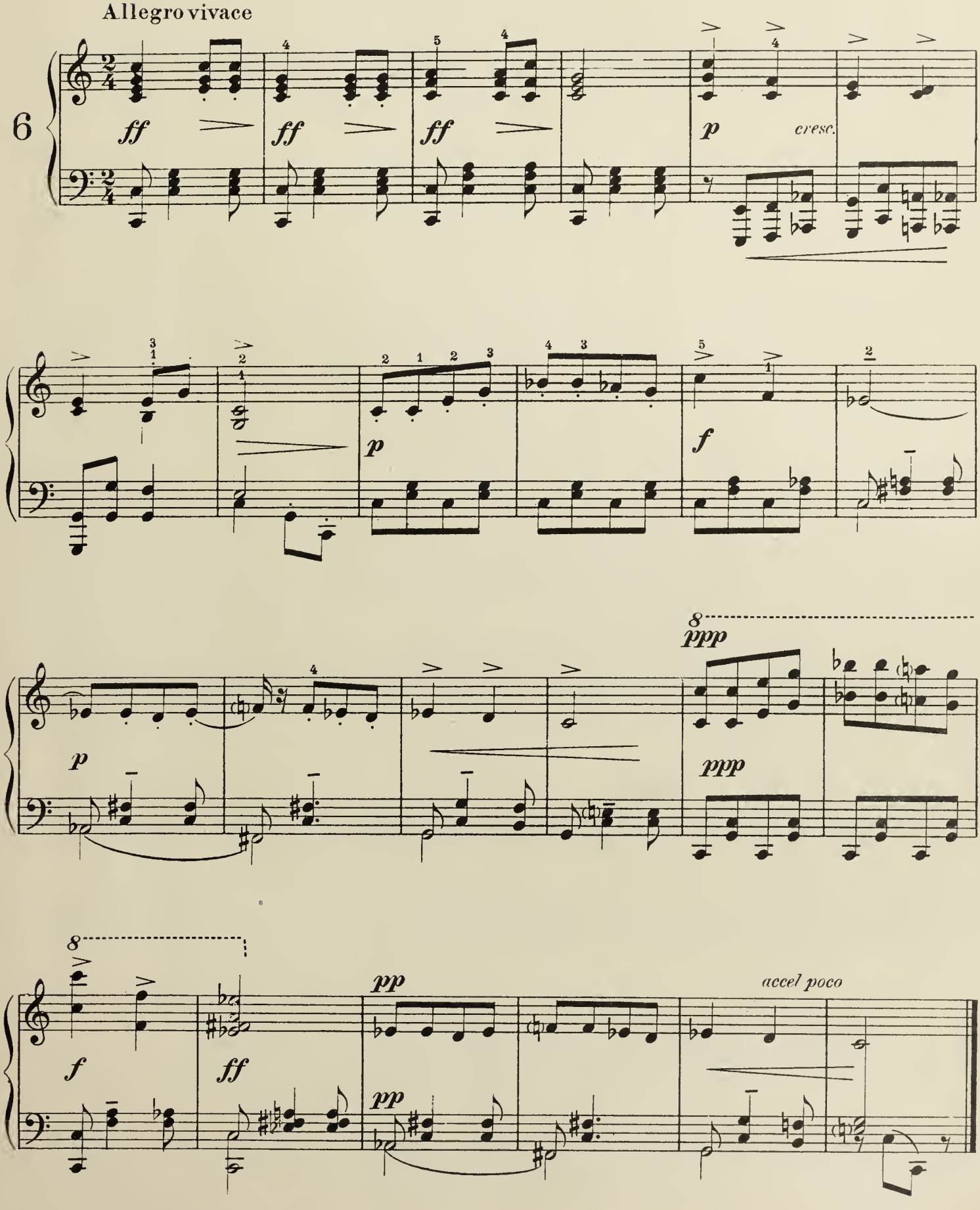
Szitnya, Léva, Csábrág.(1594)

Szitnya, Léva, Csábrág, Murány–The names of old forts



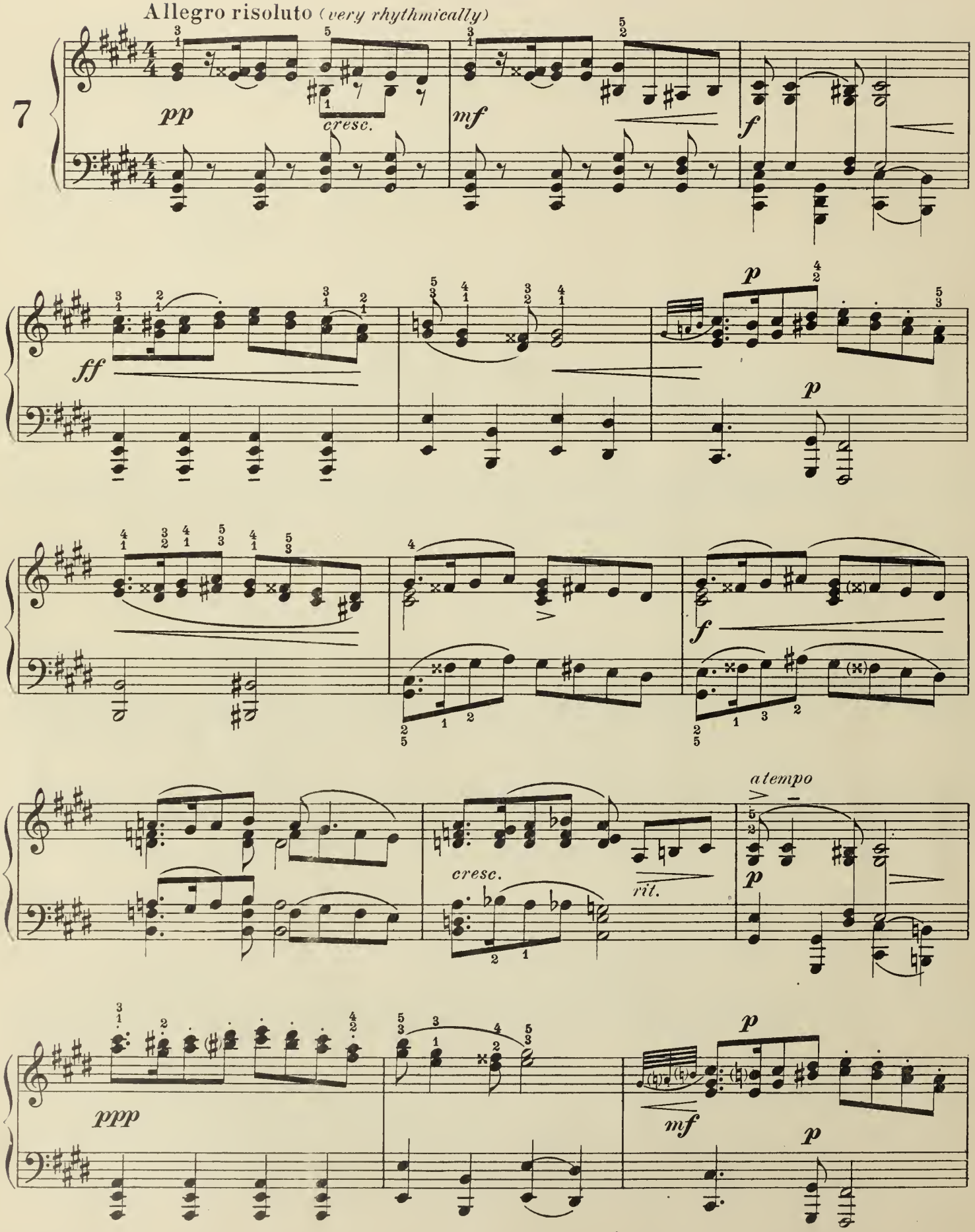
Húzzad csak, húzzad csak keservessen.

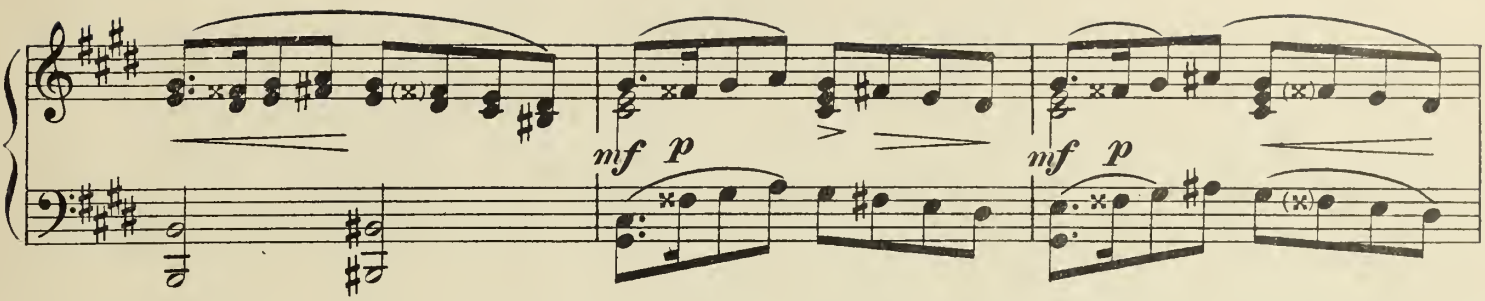
Play on, play on.

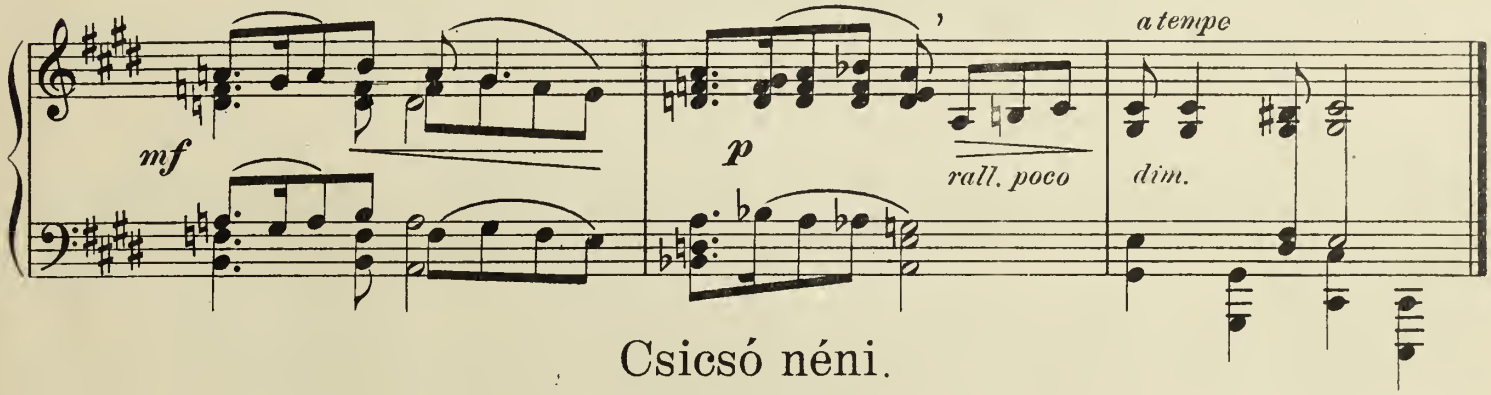


A korcsmában....

In the tavern ....



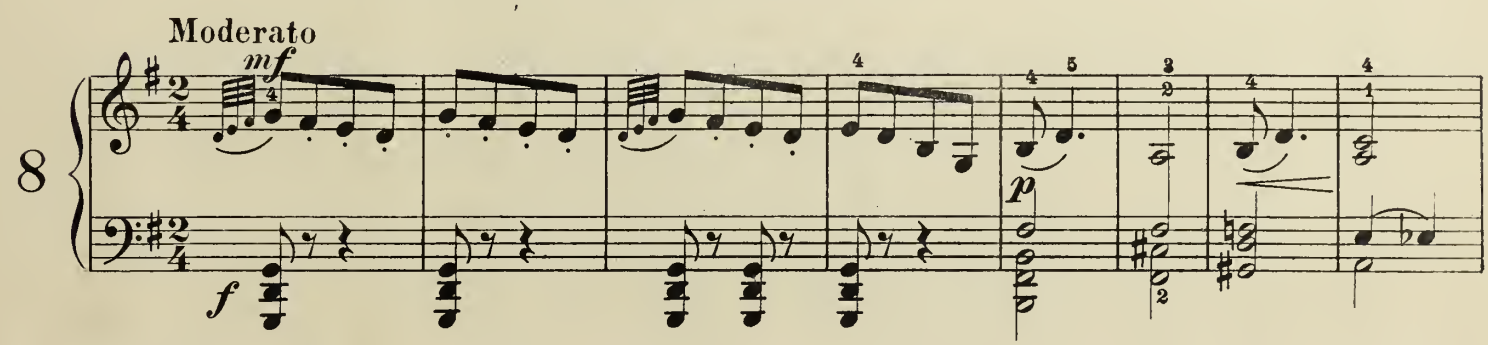


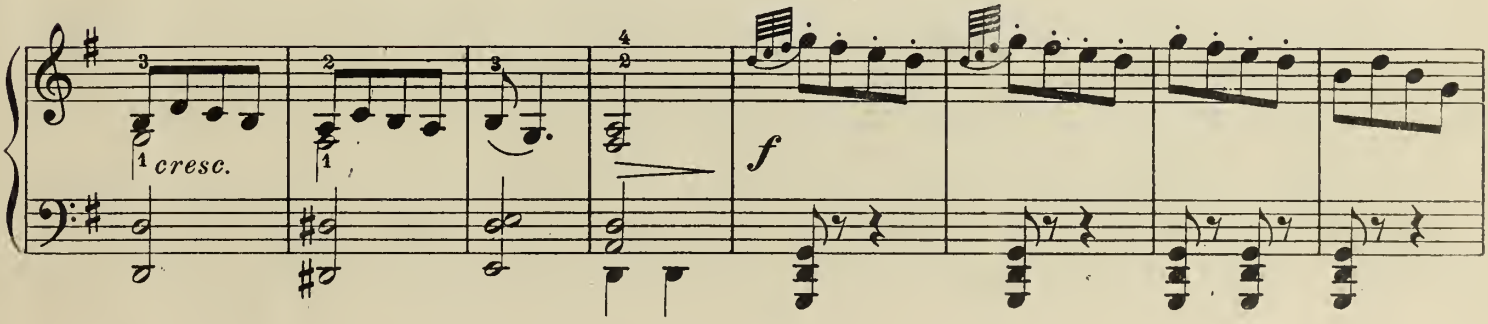


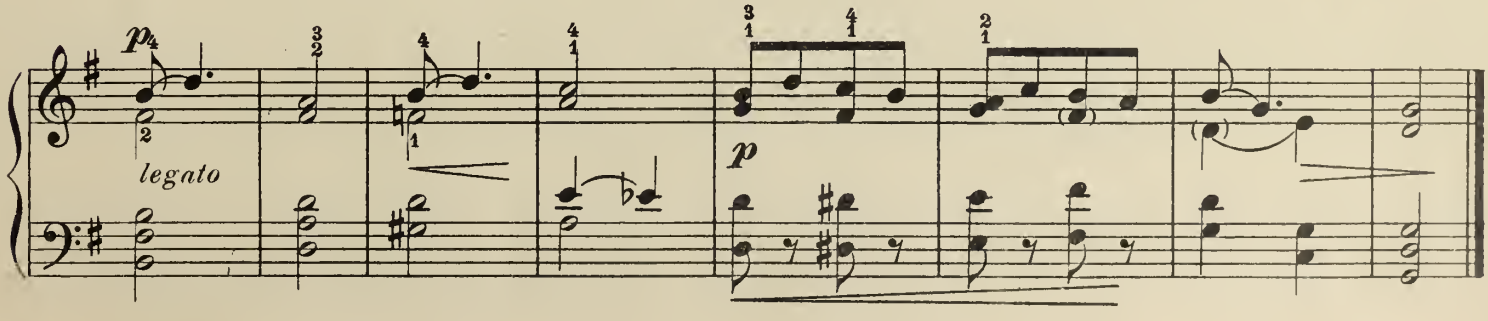
Csicsó néni.

Aunt Csicsó.

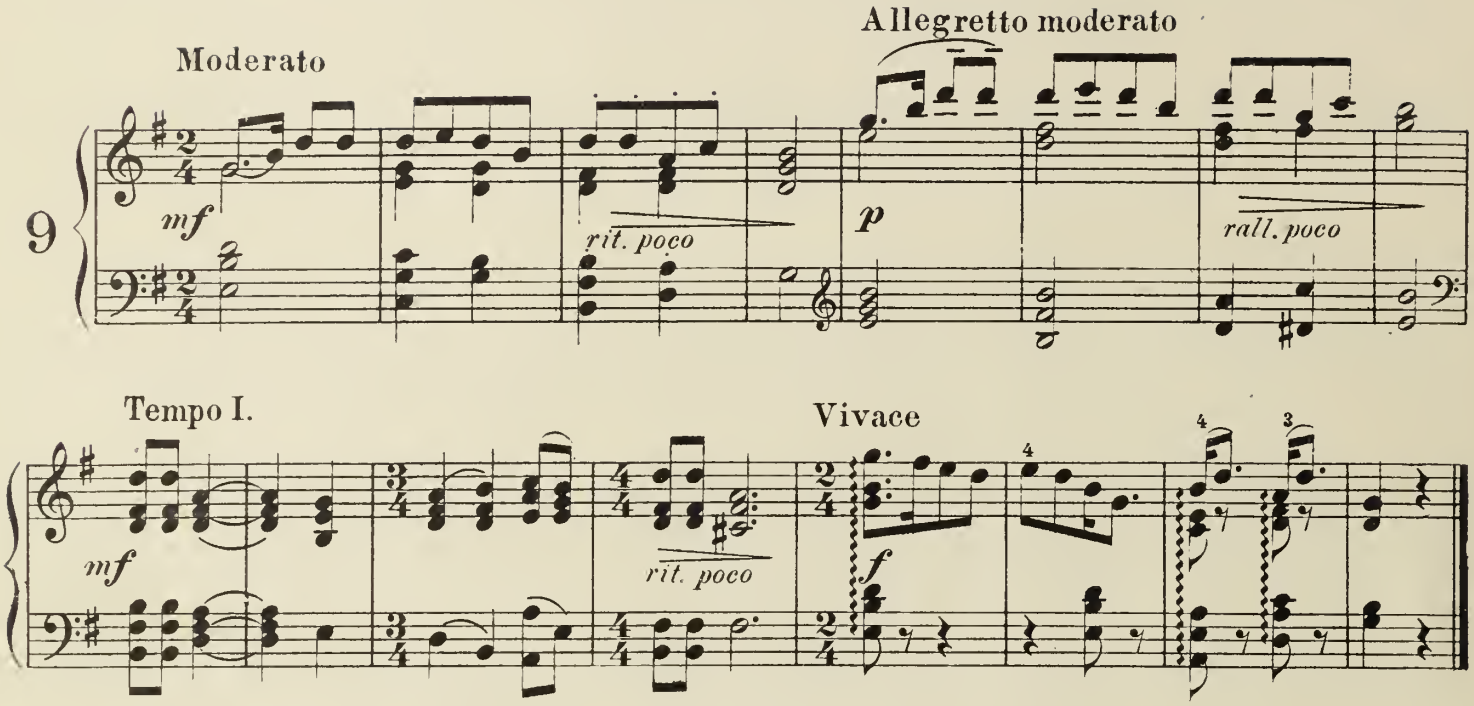
(A notorious song)



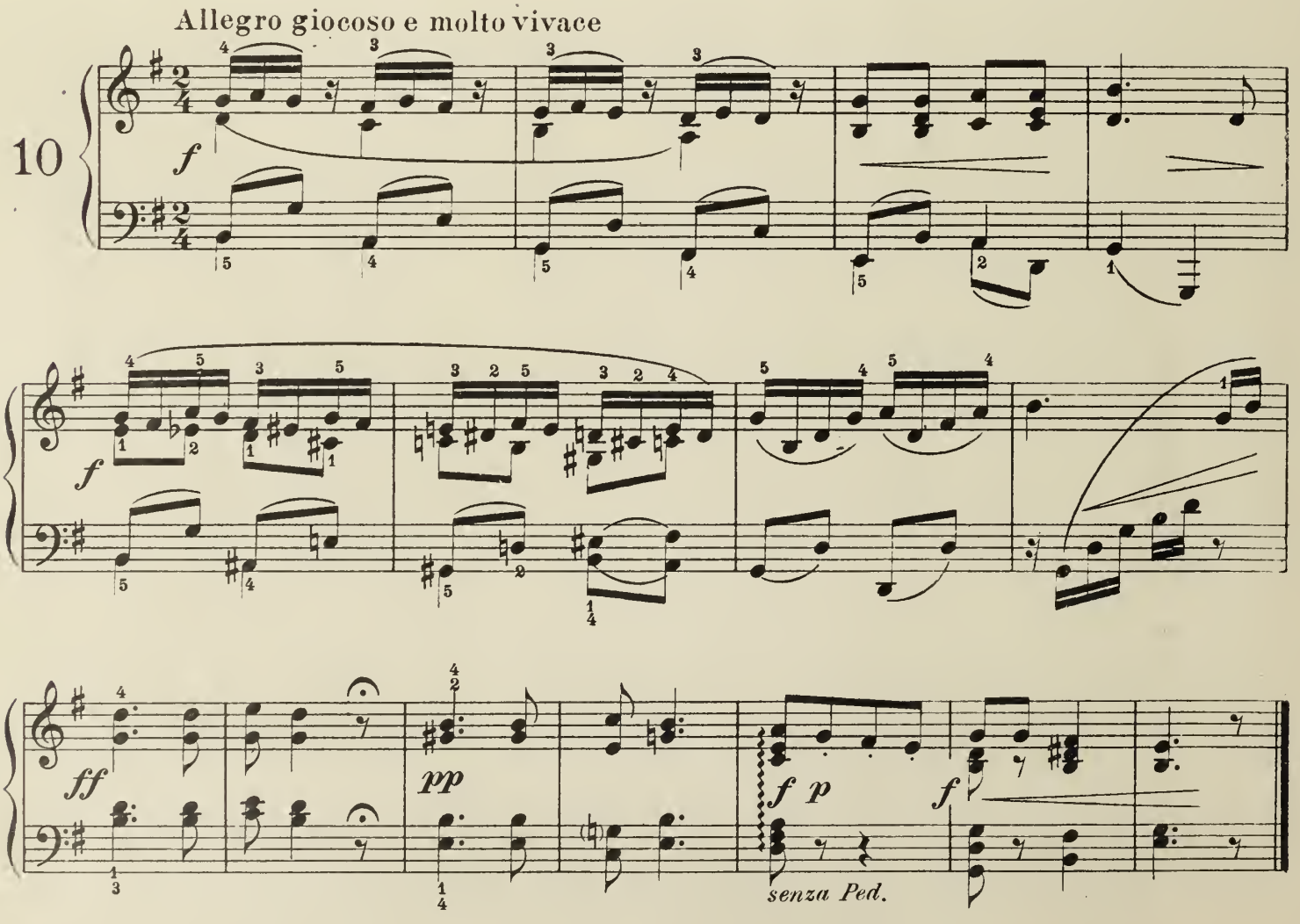




Ez a kis lány jaj be czifra

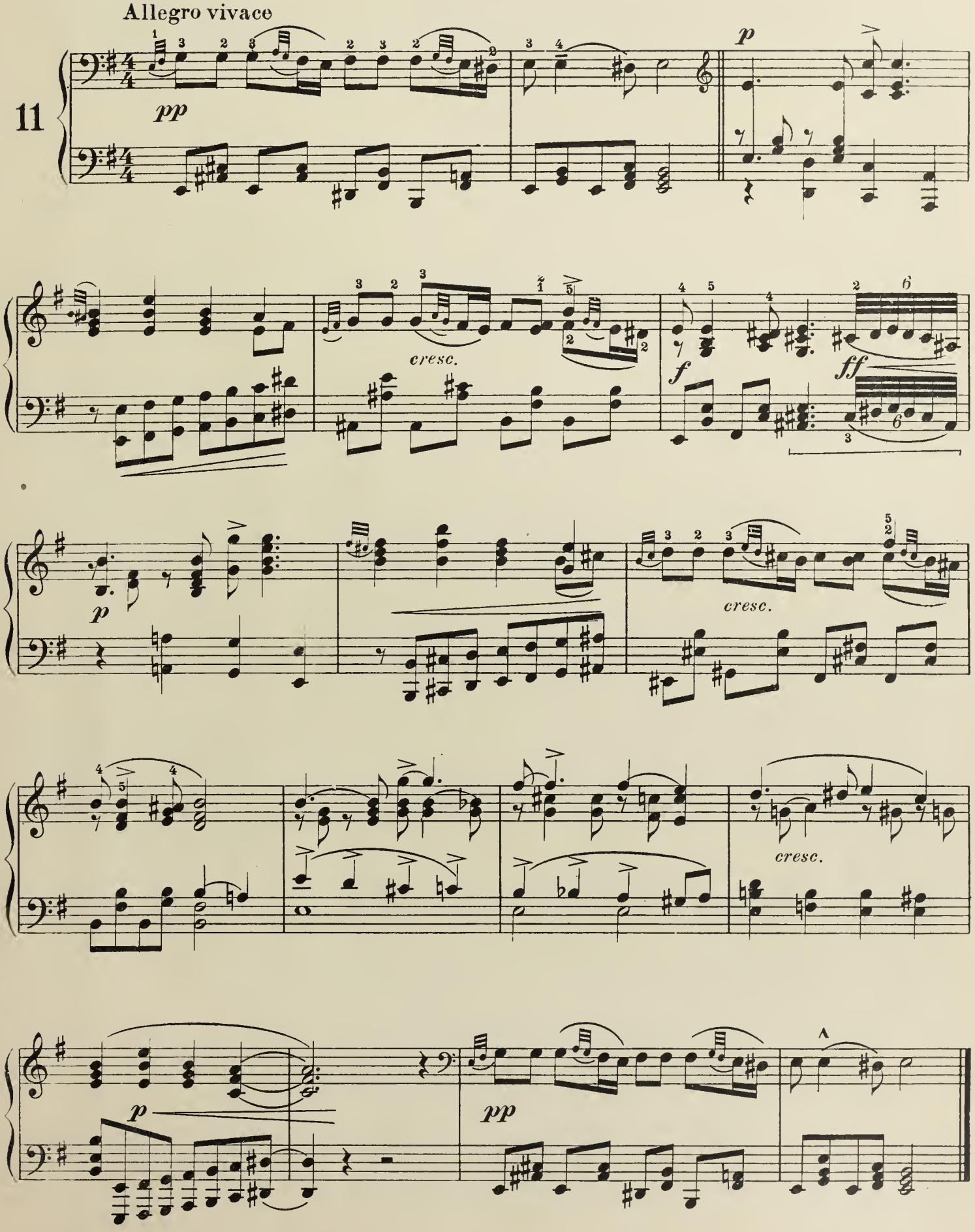


Mikor én még legény voltam.



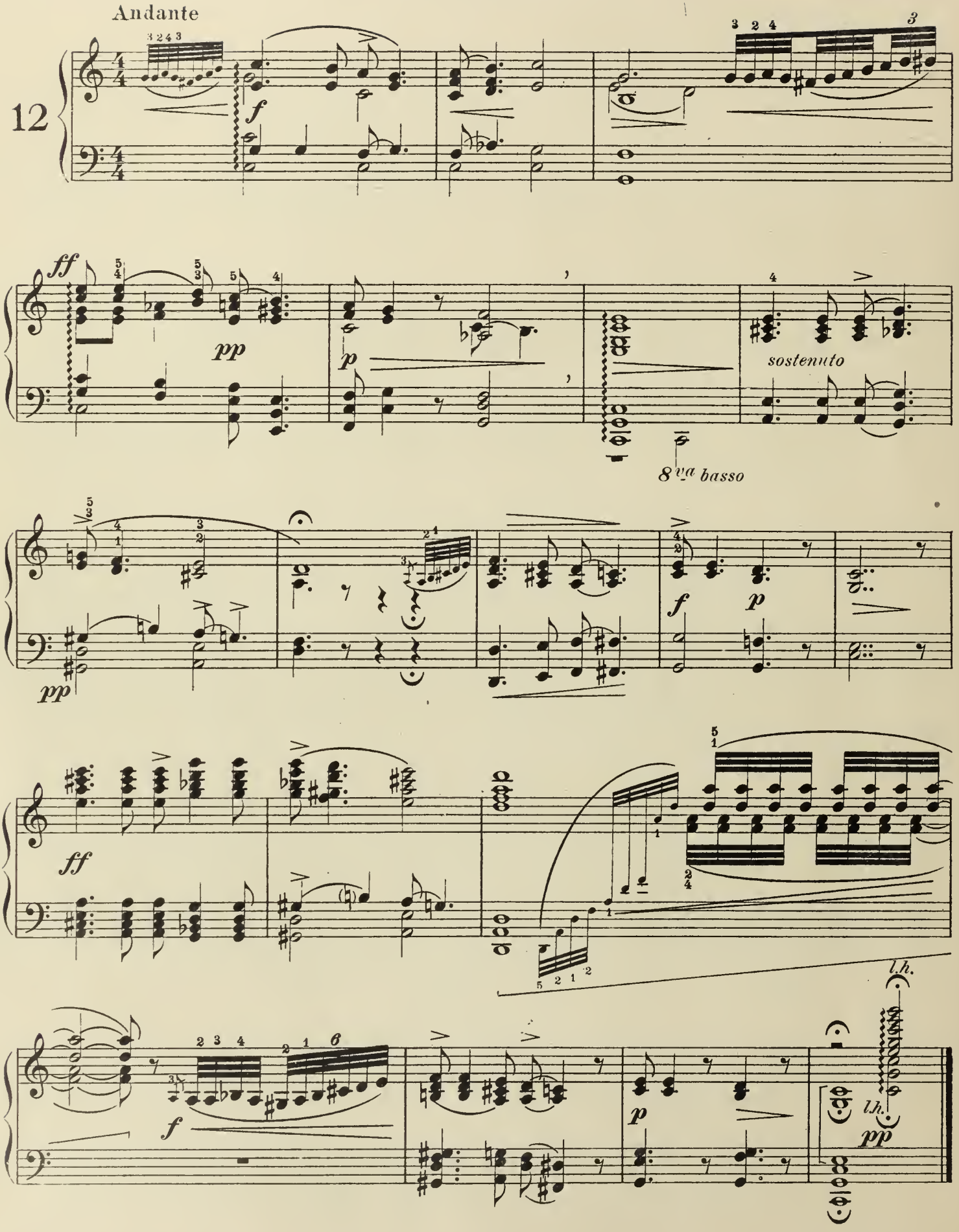
Régi nóta.

An old song.



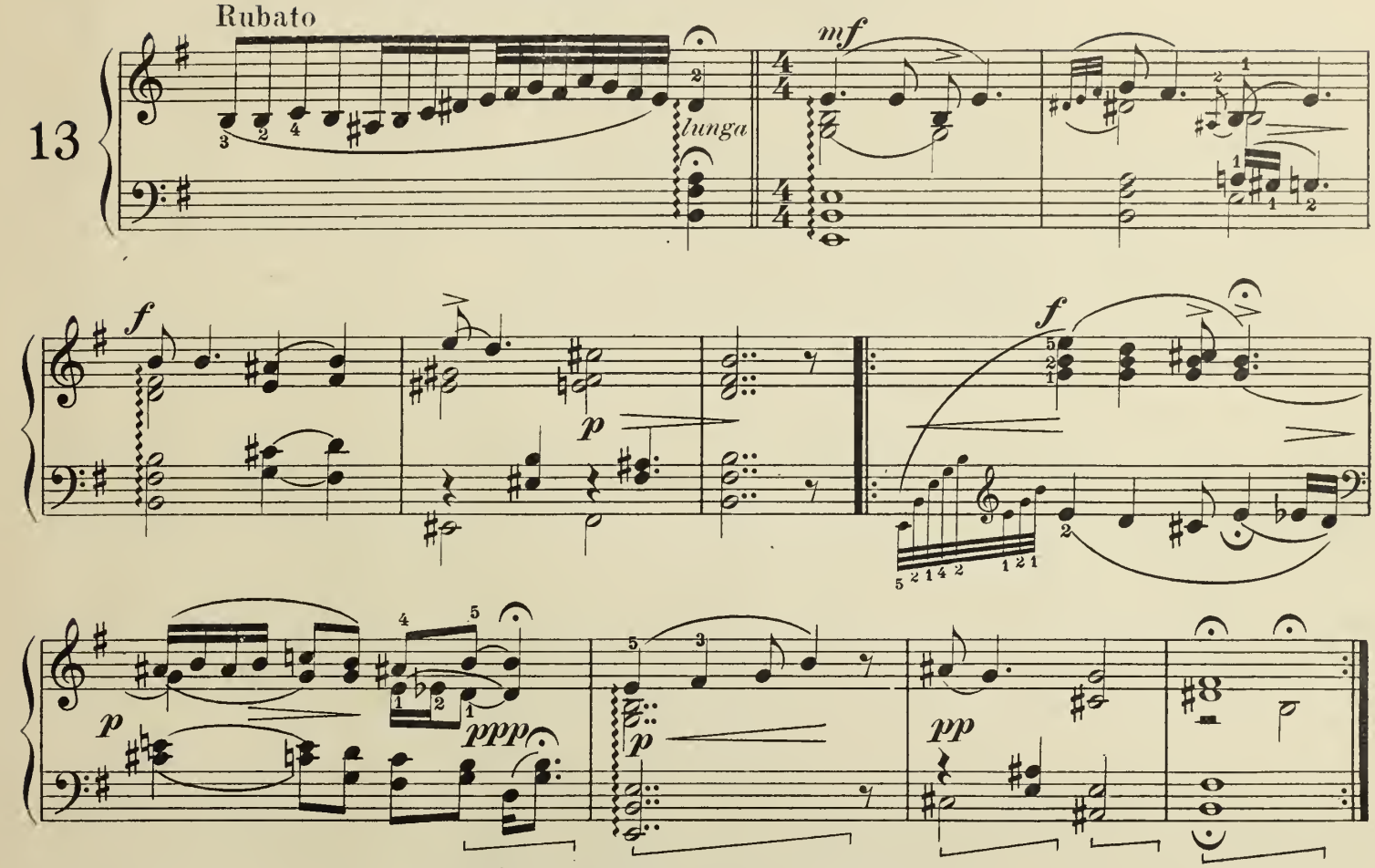
Régi Népdal.

Old Folksong.



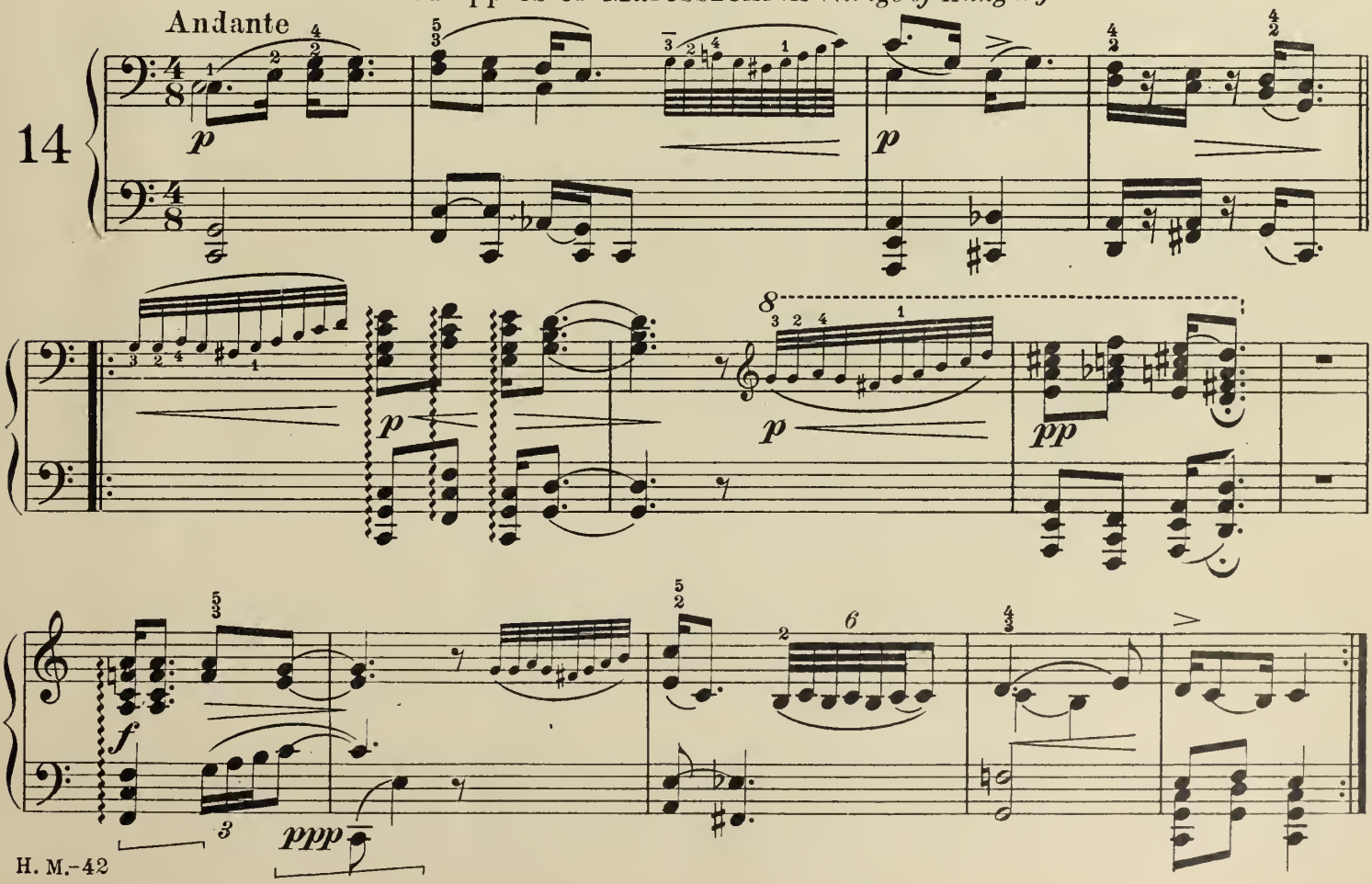
Falu végén czifra csárda----

At the village end a fancy tavern stands----



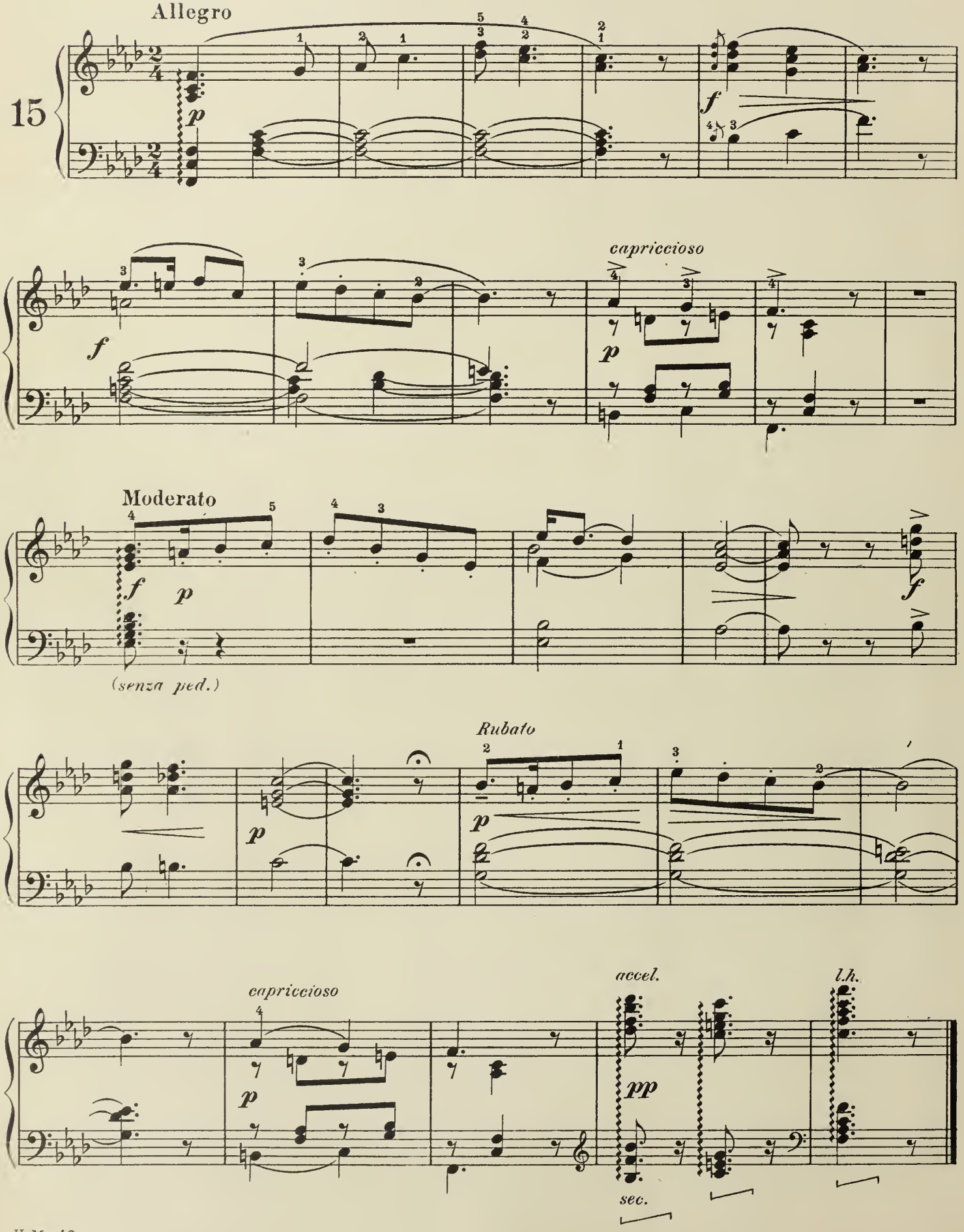
Márosszéki piros páris----

The red apples of Márosszéki *(A village of Hungary)*



Elmehetsz már angyalom----

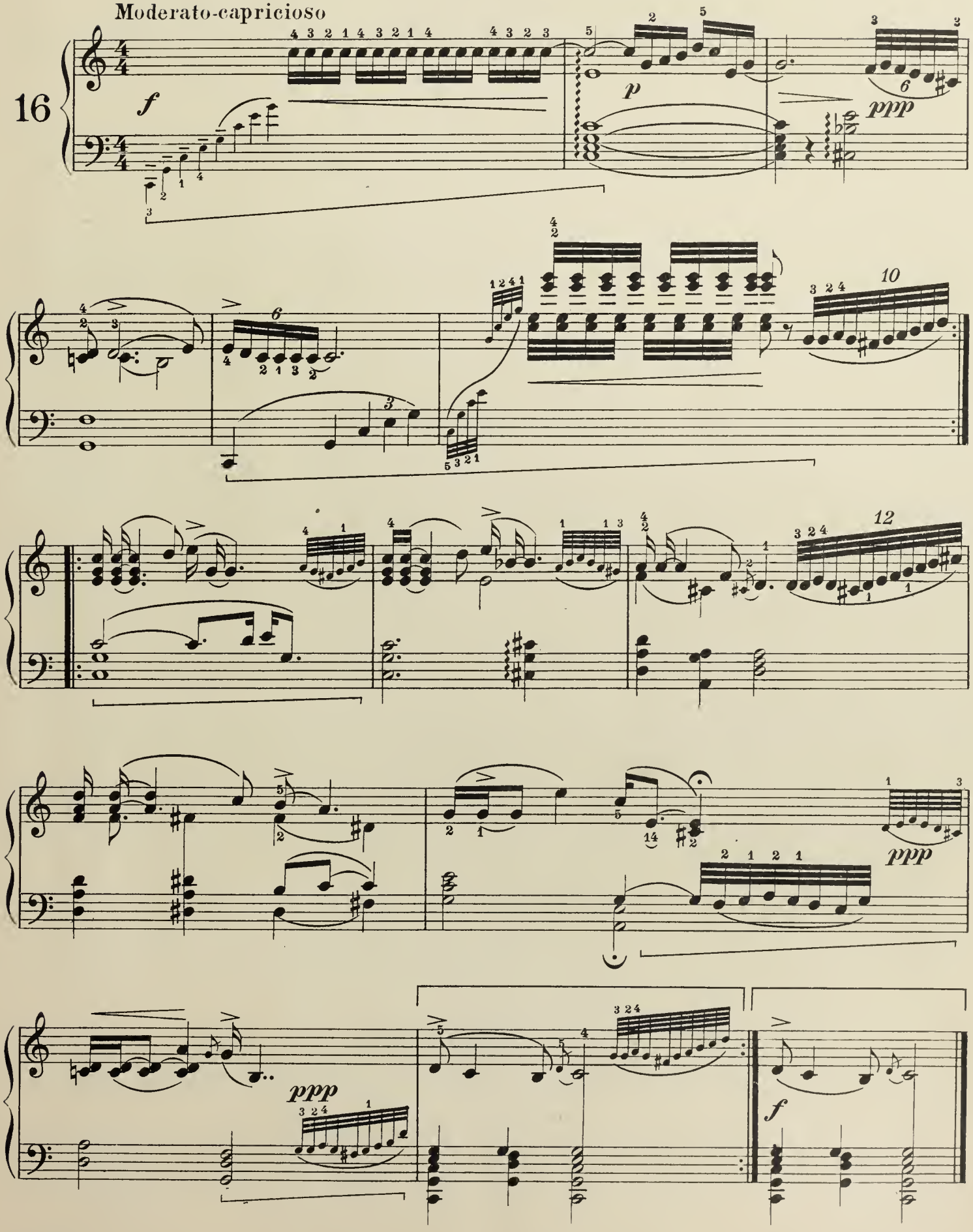
You may go, my angel----



Nincsen annyi tenger csillag az égen----

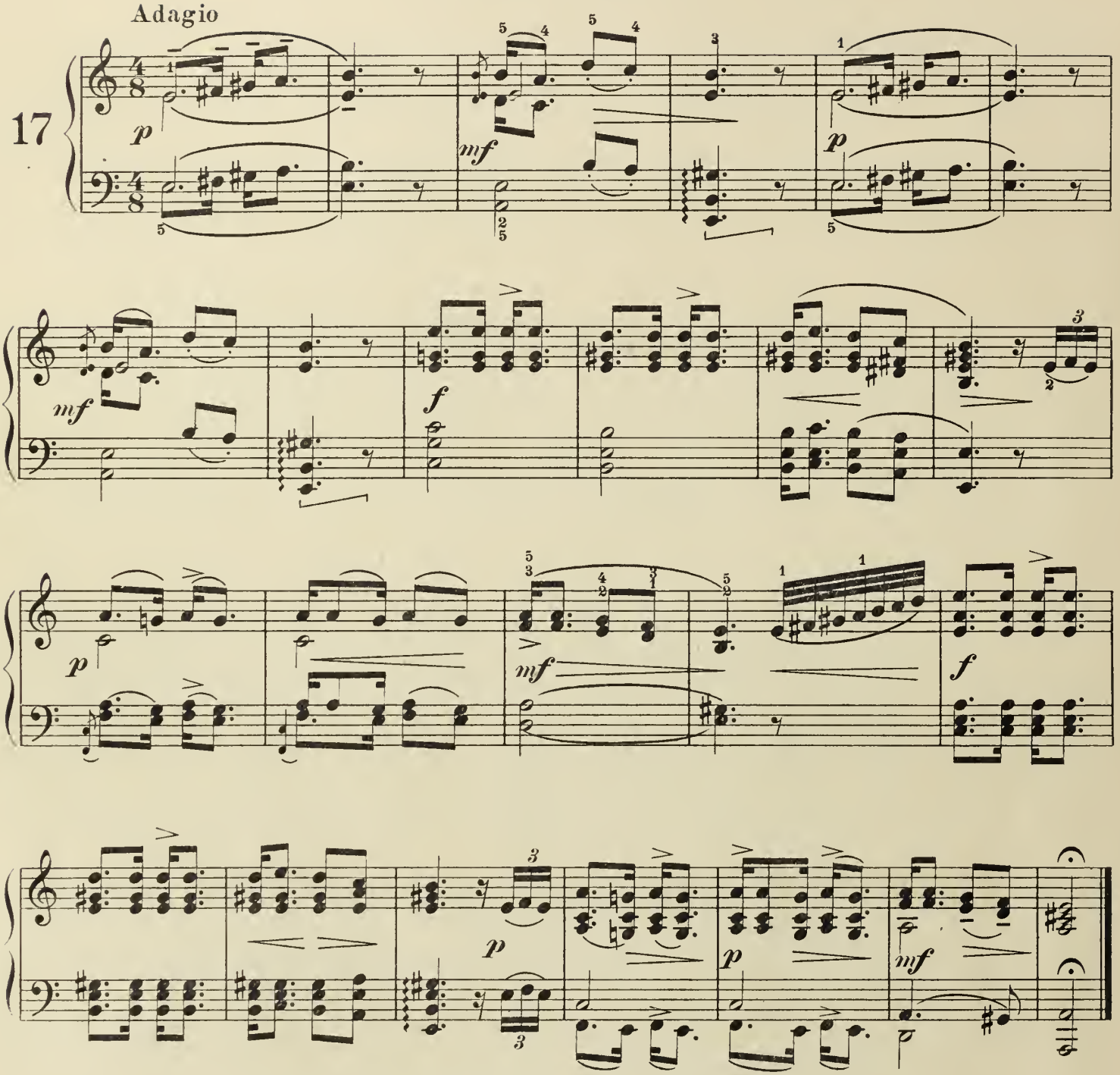
There are not so many countless seas of stars----

Moderato-capricioso



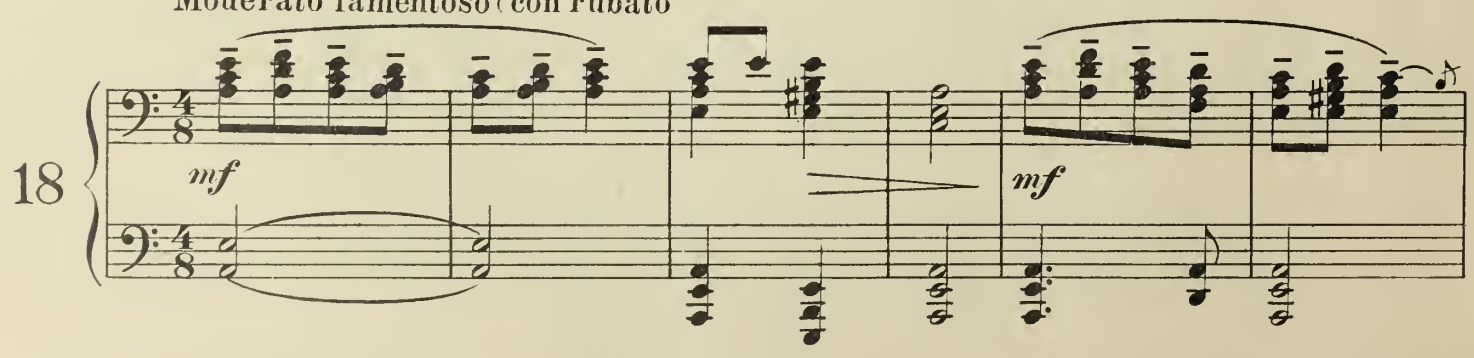
Kurucz tábori dal.(1672)

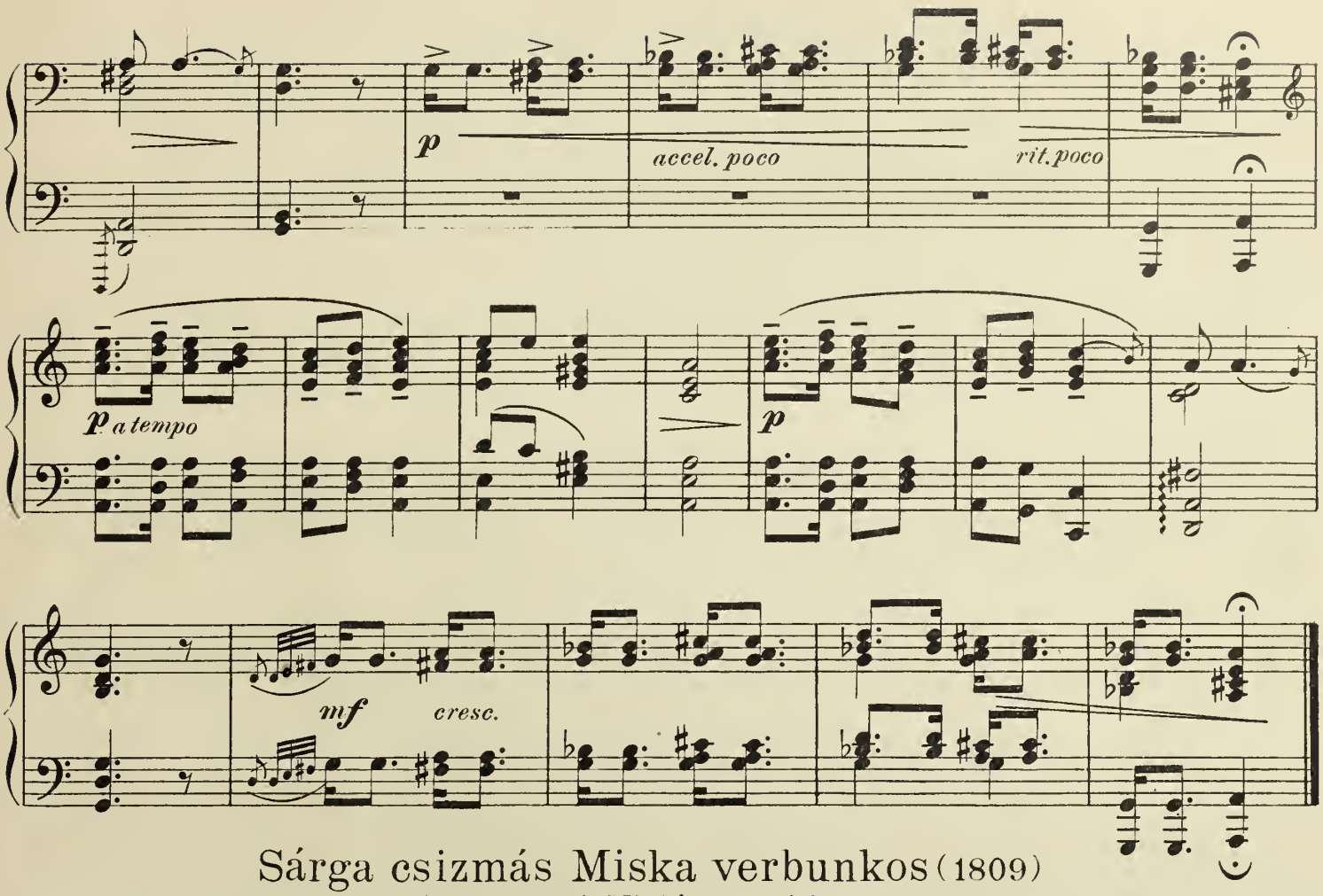
Kurucz camp song.



Haj! Rákóczi! Bercsényi!

(1708)

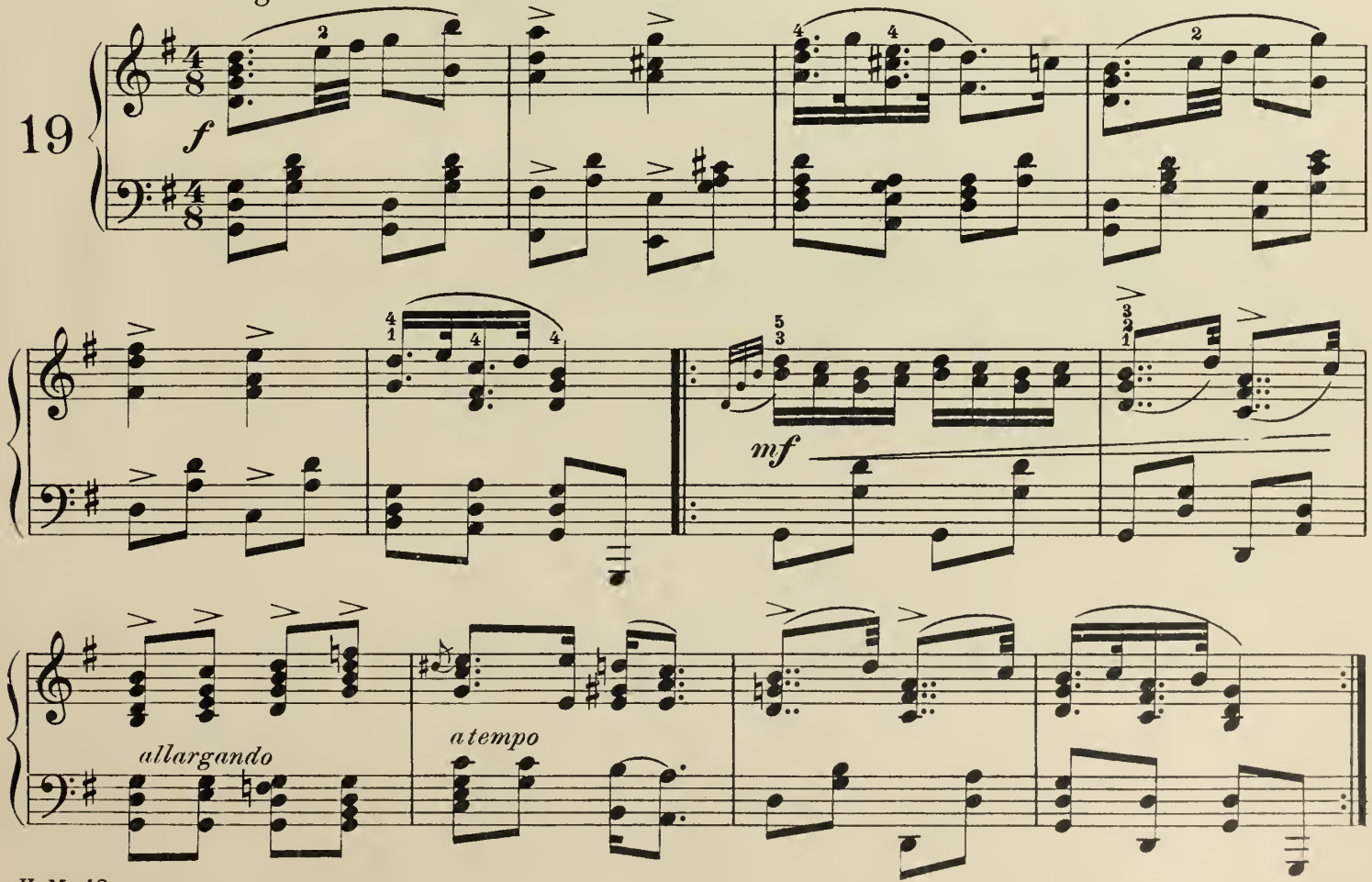




Sárga csizmás Miska verbunkos (1809)

Yellow-booted Nick's recruiting song

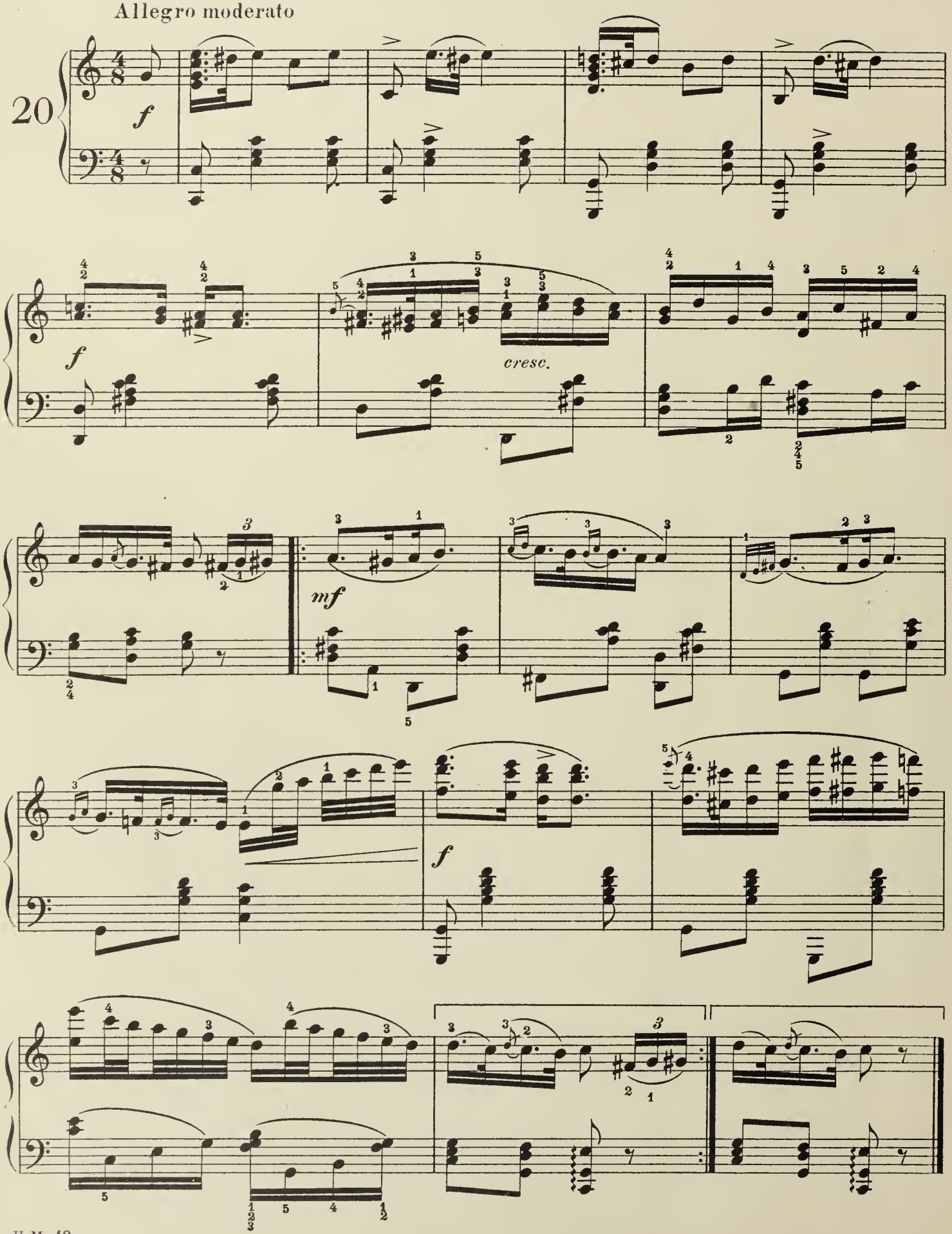
Allegro con fuoco (*with enthusiasm*)



A hires Chlopiczky nóta.

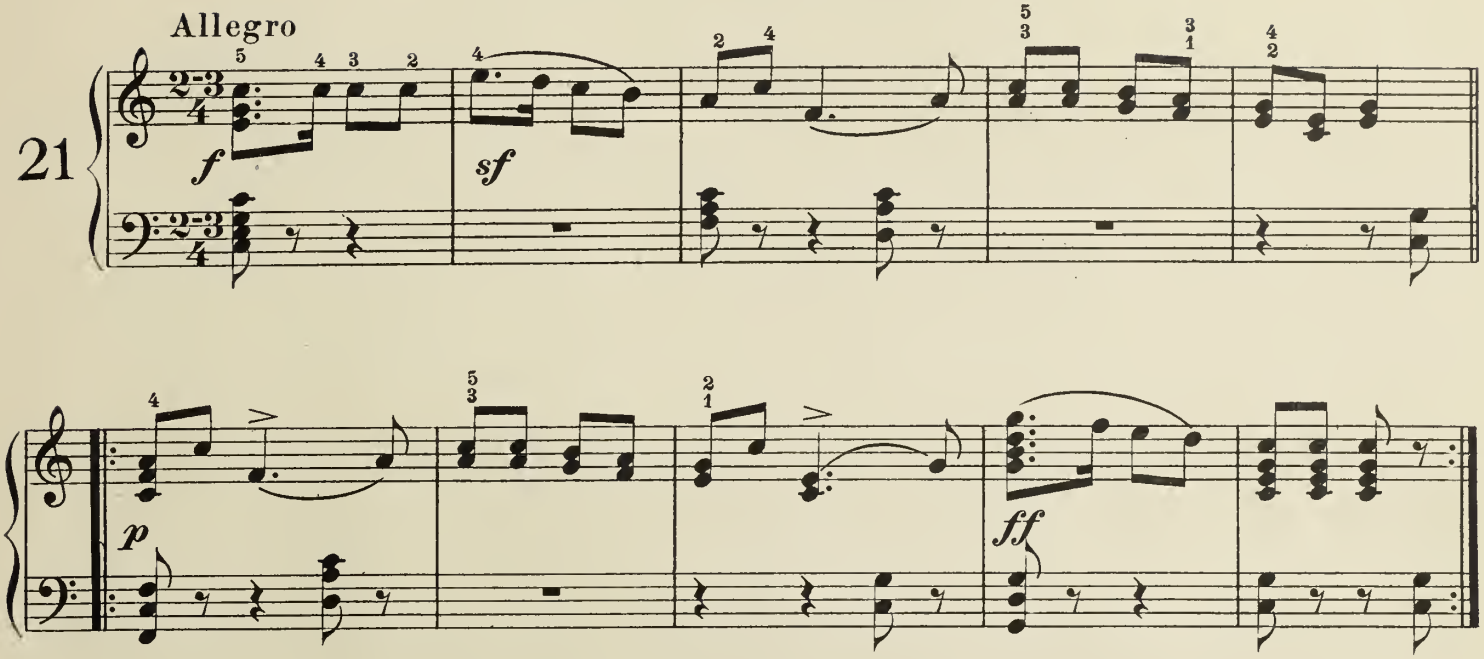
(Second half of 18th century)

Allegro moderato



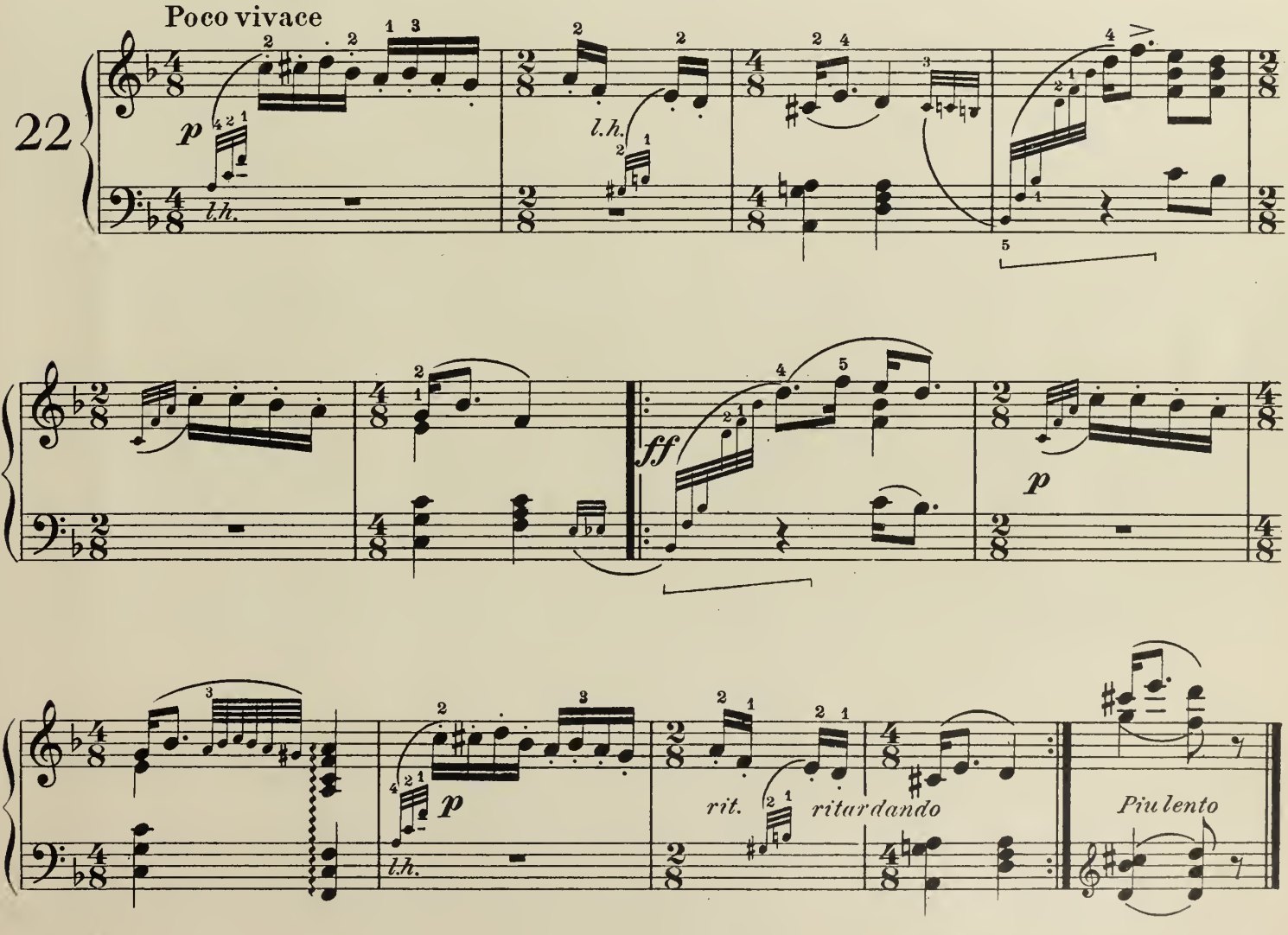
Nem loptam én életemben----

Never in my life have I stolen----



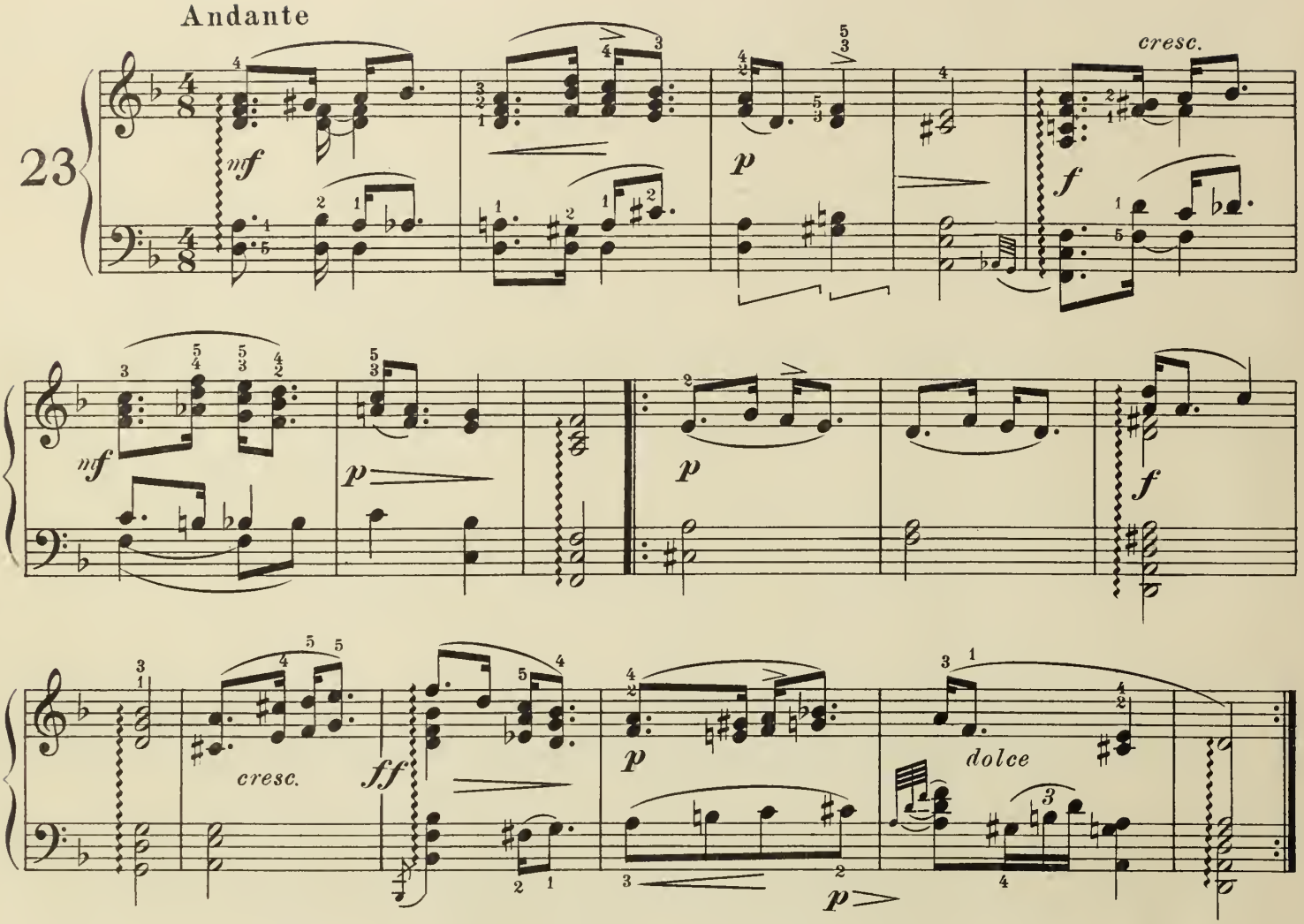
Földre hull a mandulafa virága----

The almond-tree blossoms fall to the ground----



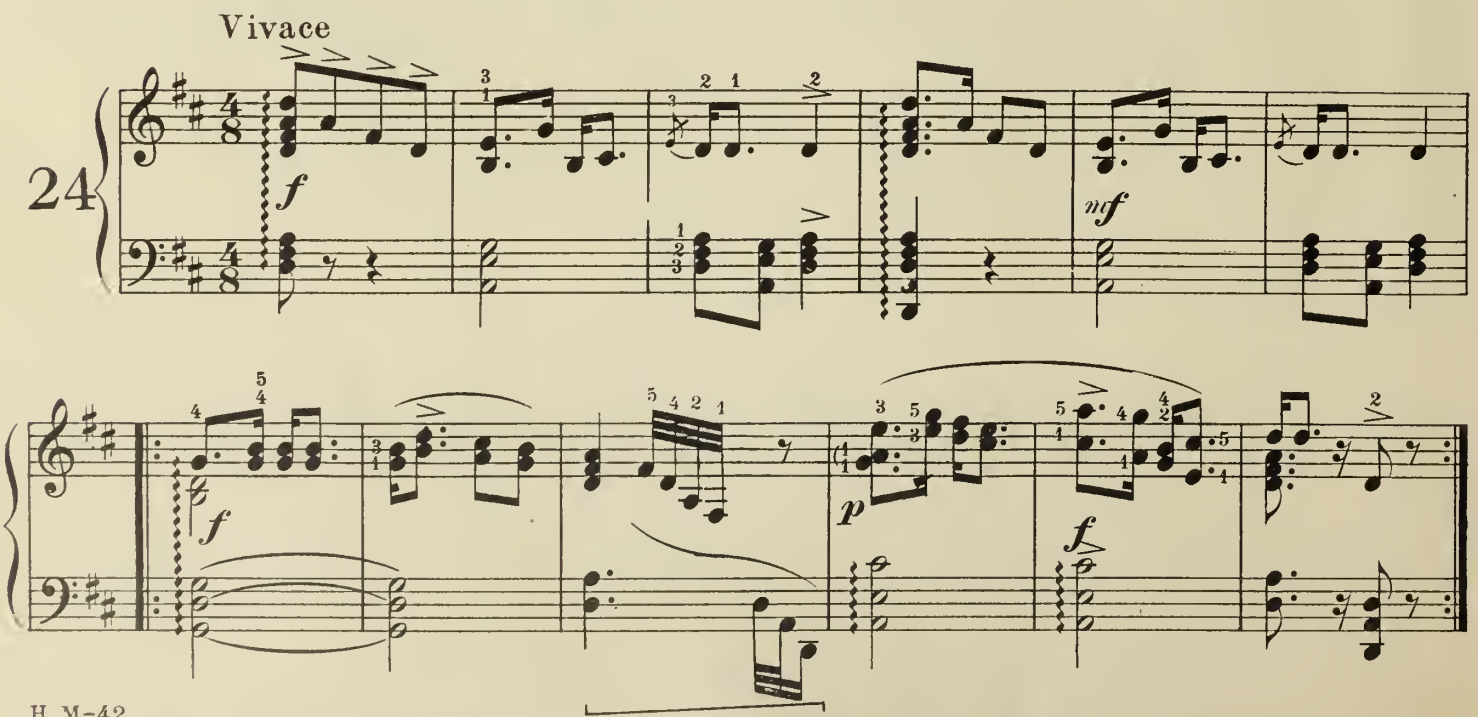
Két lánya volt a falunak....

Two maidens had the village....



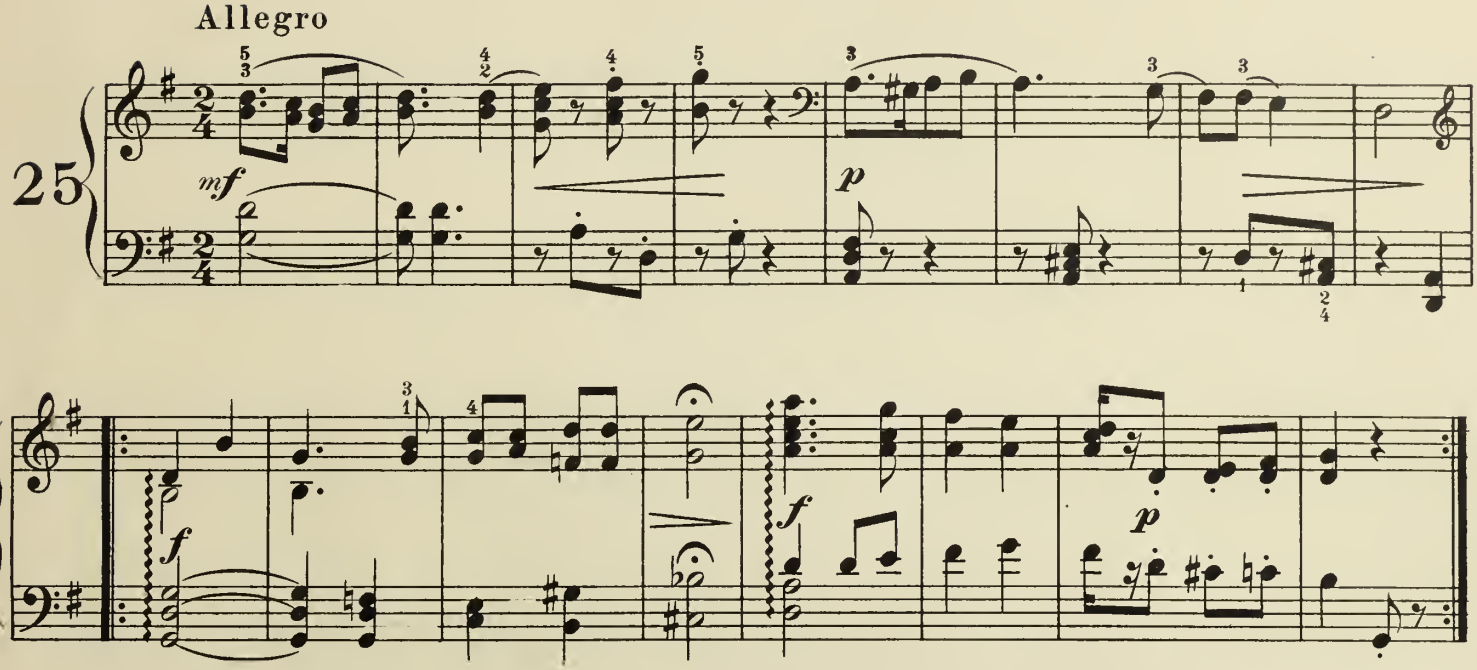
Rongyos csárda két oldalán ajtó....

A ragged tavern with doors at the sides....



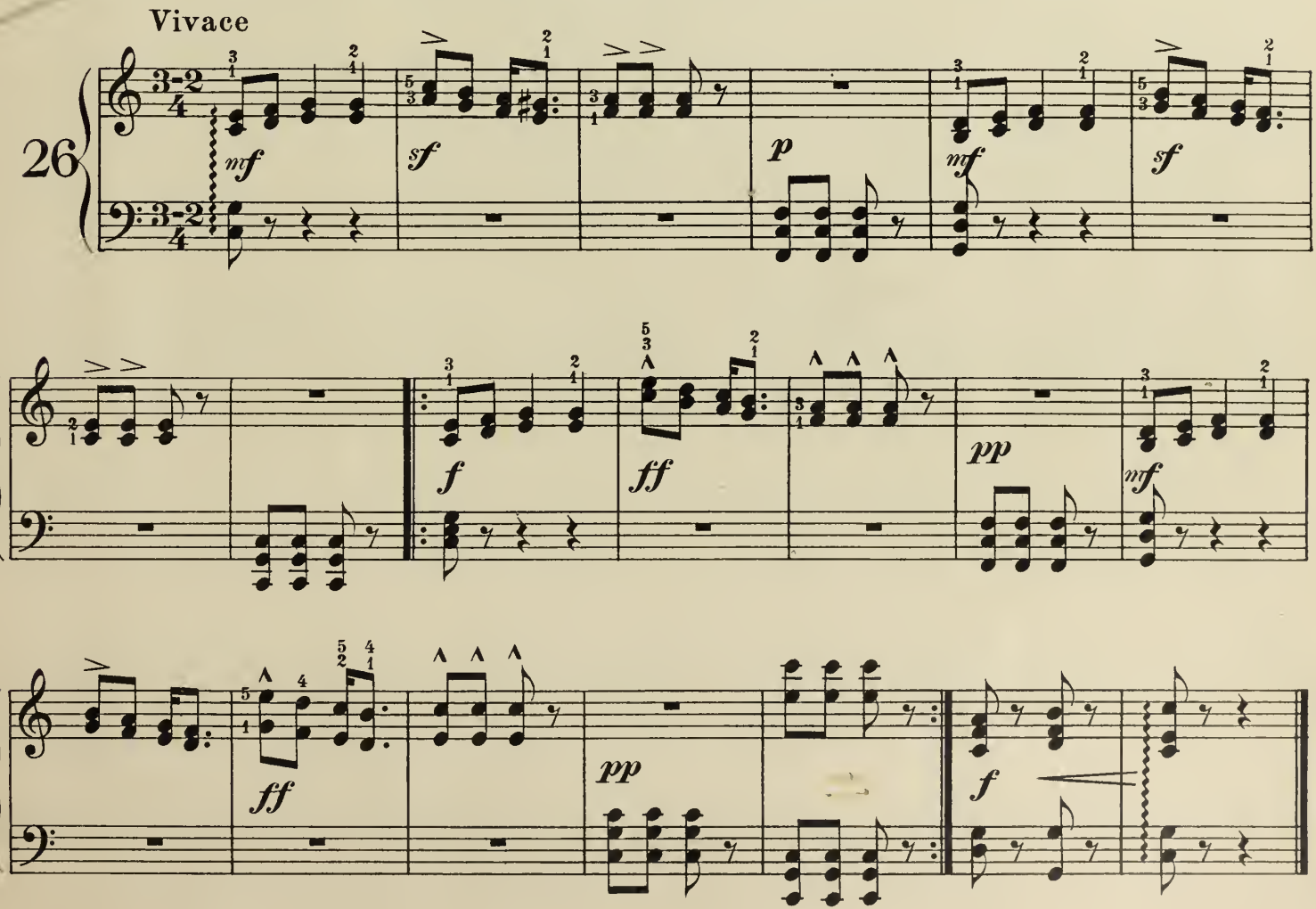
Sárga ugorkának zőld a levele....

Yellow cucumbers have green leaves....



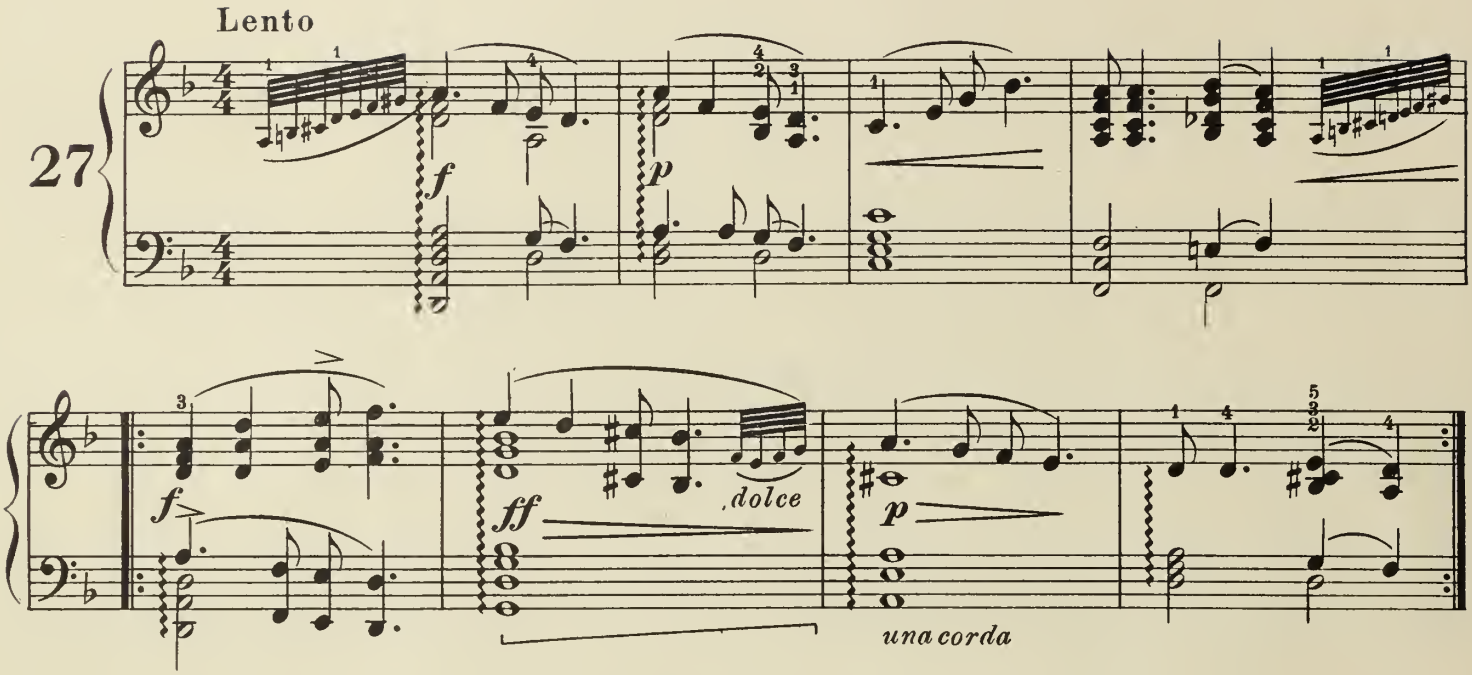
Az én torkom álló malom....

My throat is a standing mill....



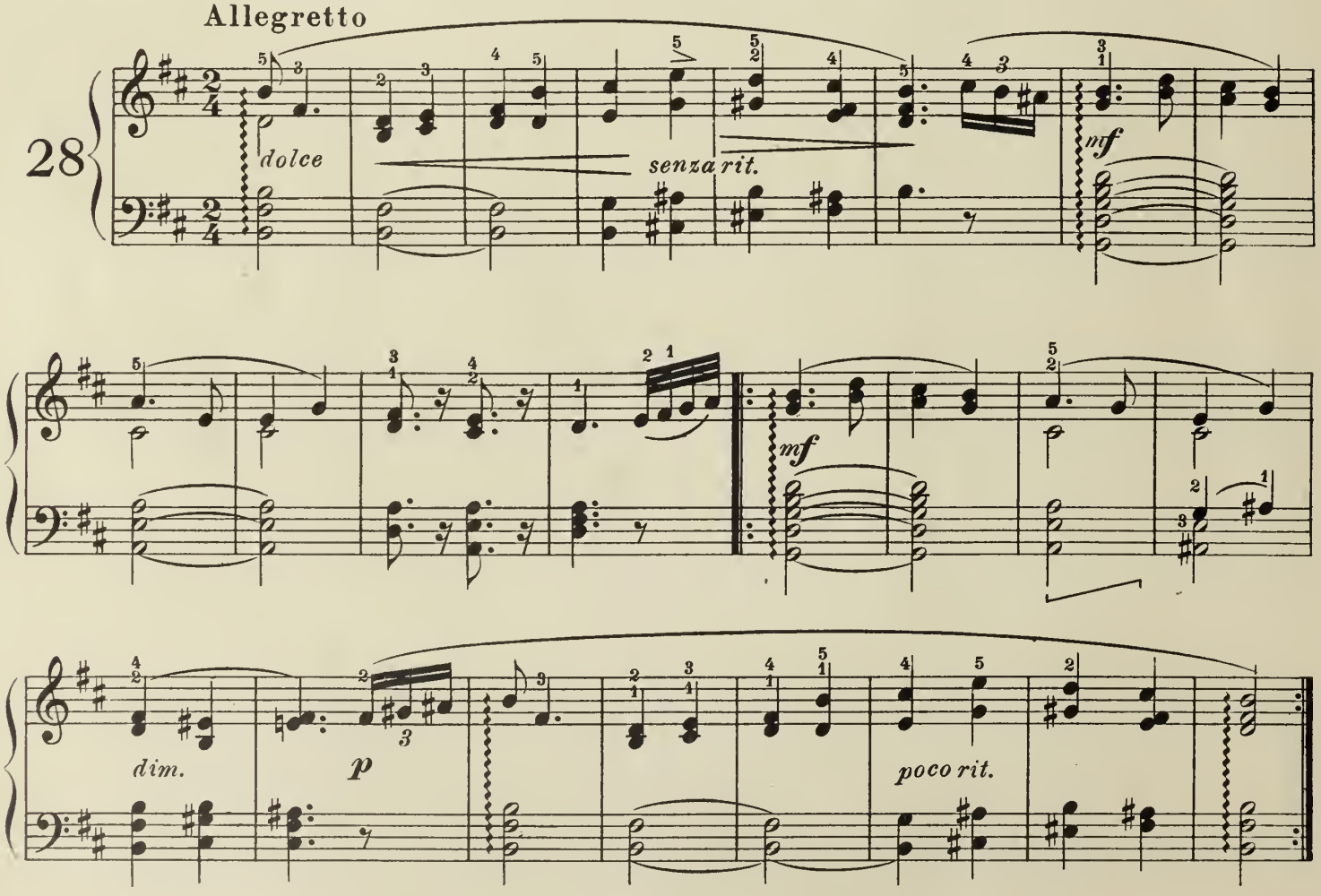
Panaszkodik az esti szél....

The plaint of the evening wind....



Szakitanék veled rózsám....

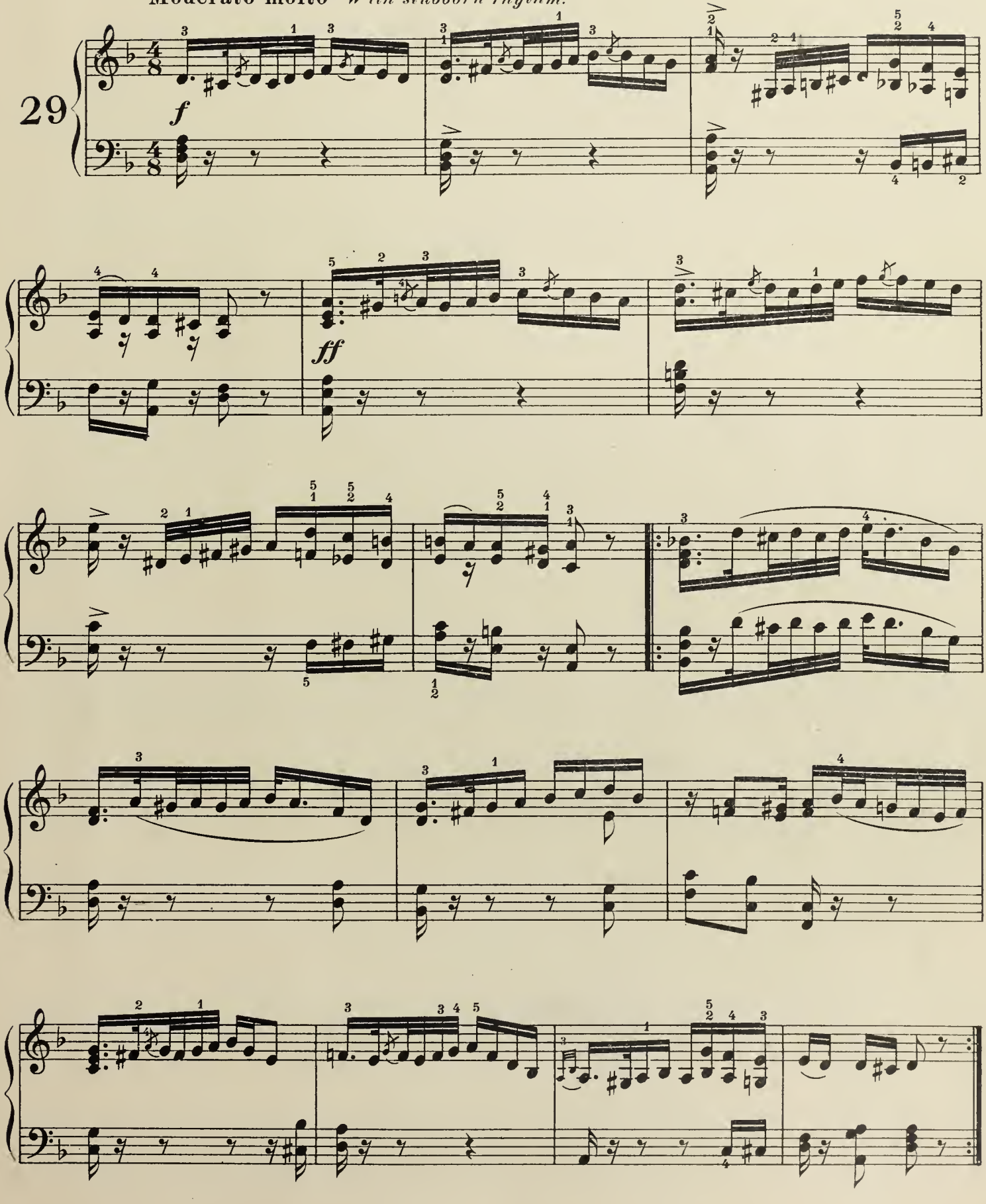
Could I but forsake you, my rose....



Lassú csárdás.

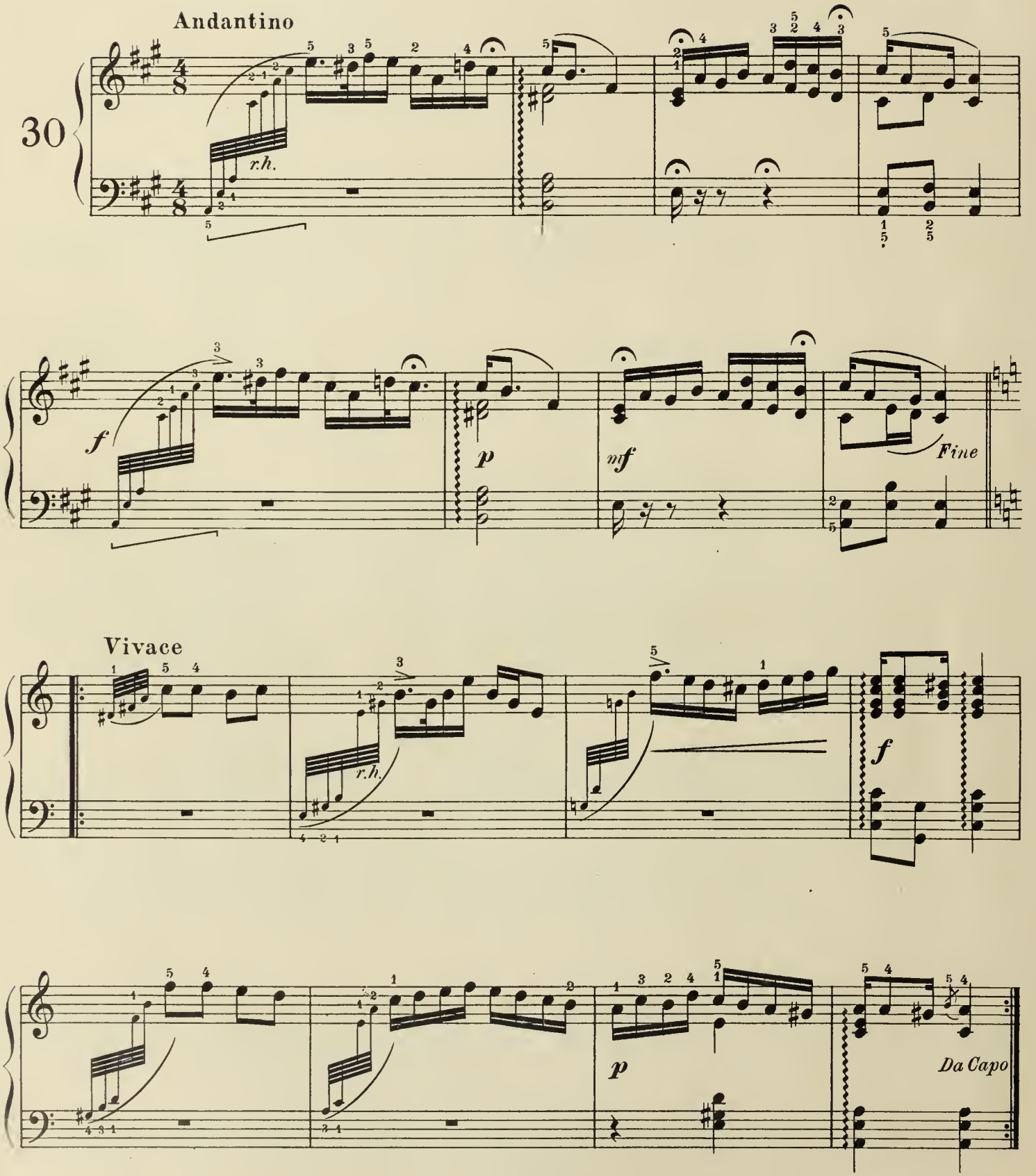
Slow tavern dance.

Moderato molto– *With stubborn rhythm.*



Elfelejtettem a neved....

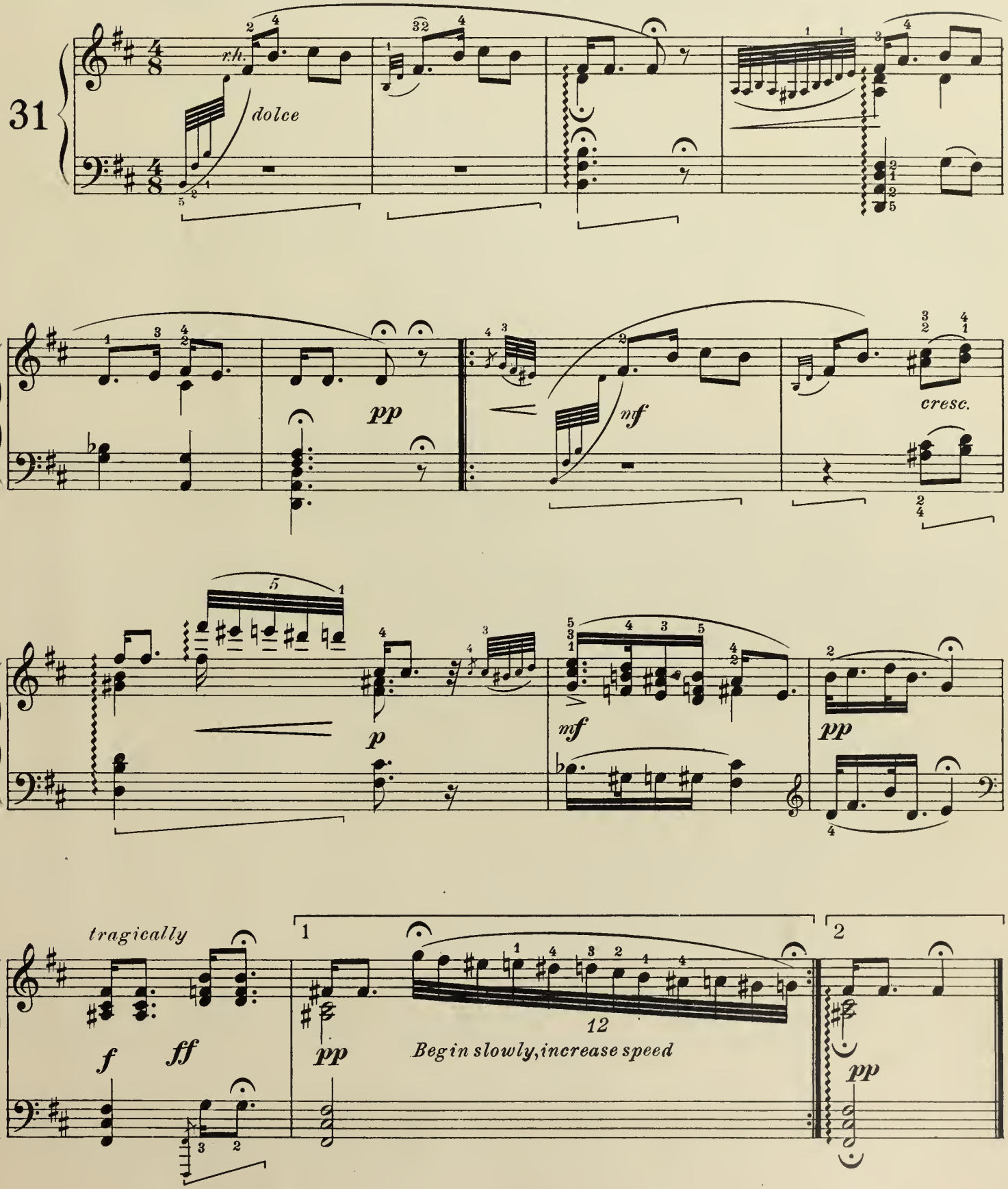
I have forgotten your name....



Hová tűntél....?

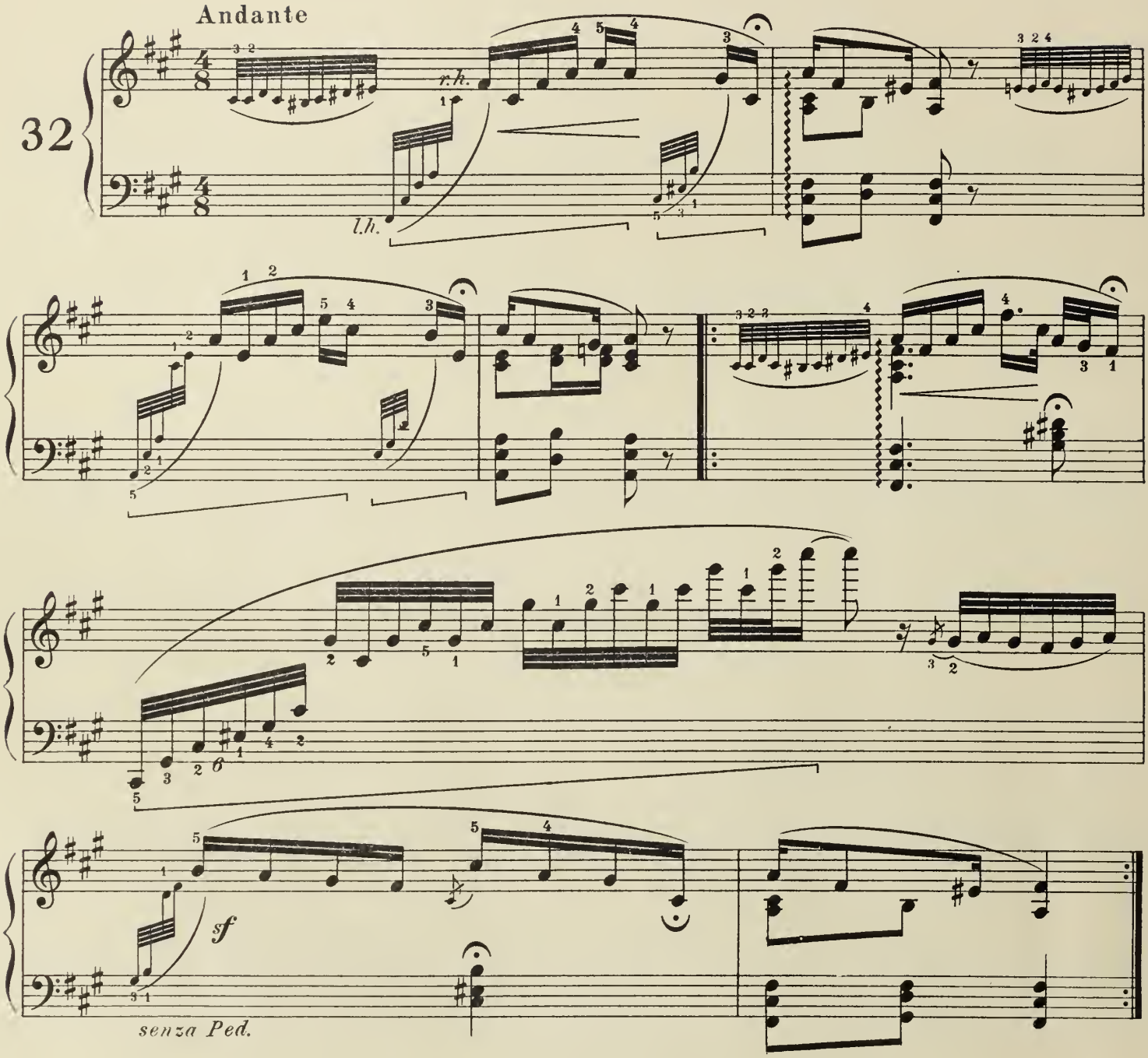
Where have you vanished....?

Adagio espressivo- *With eloquent simplicity.*



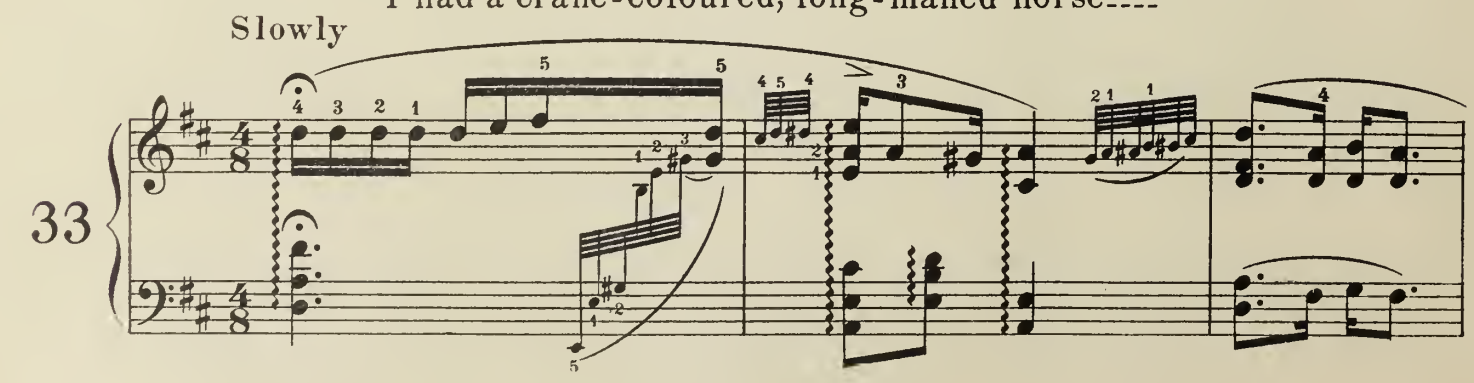
Az én lelkem feketébe öltözik----

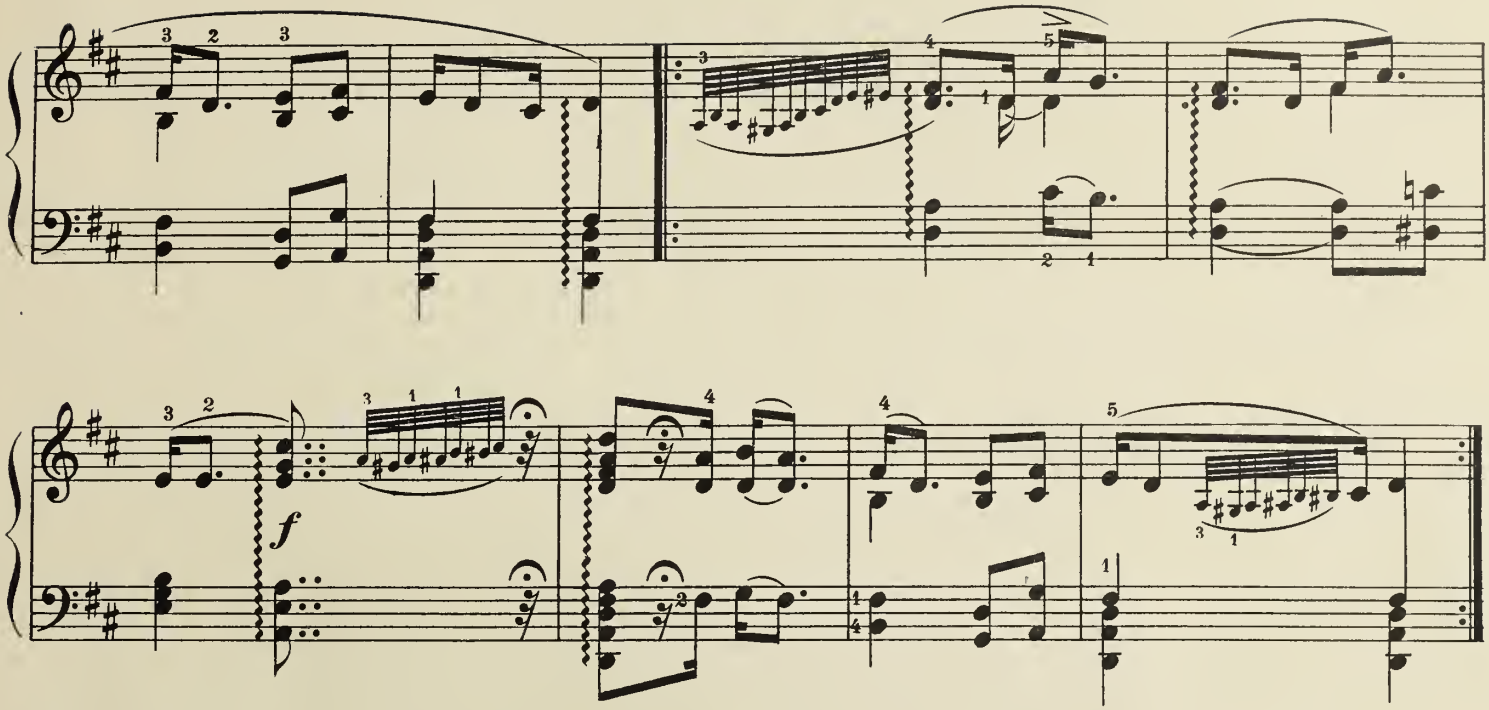
My soul is garbed in black----



Volt nekem egy daruszőrű paripám----

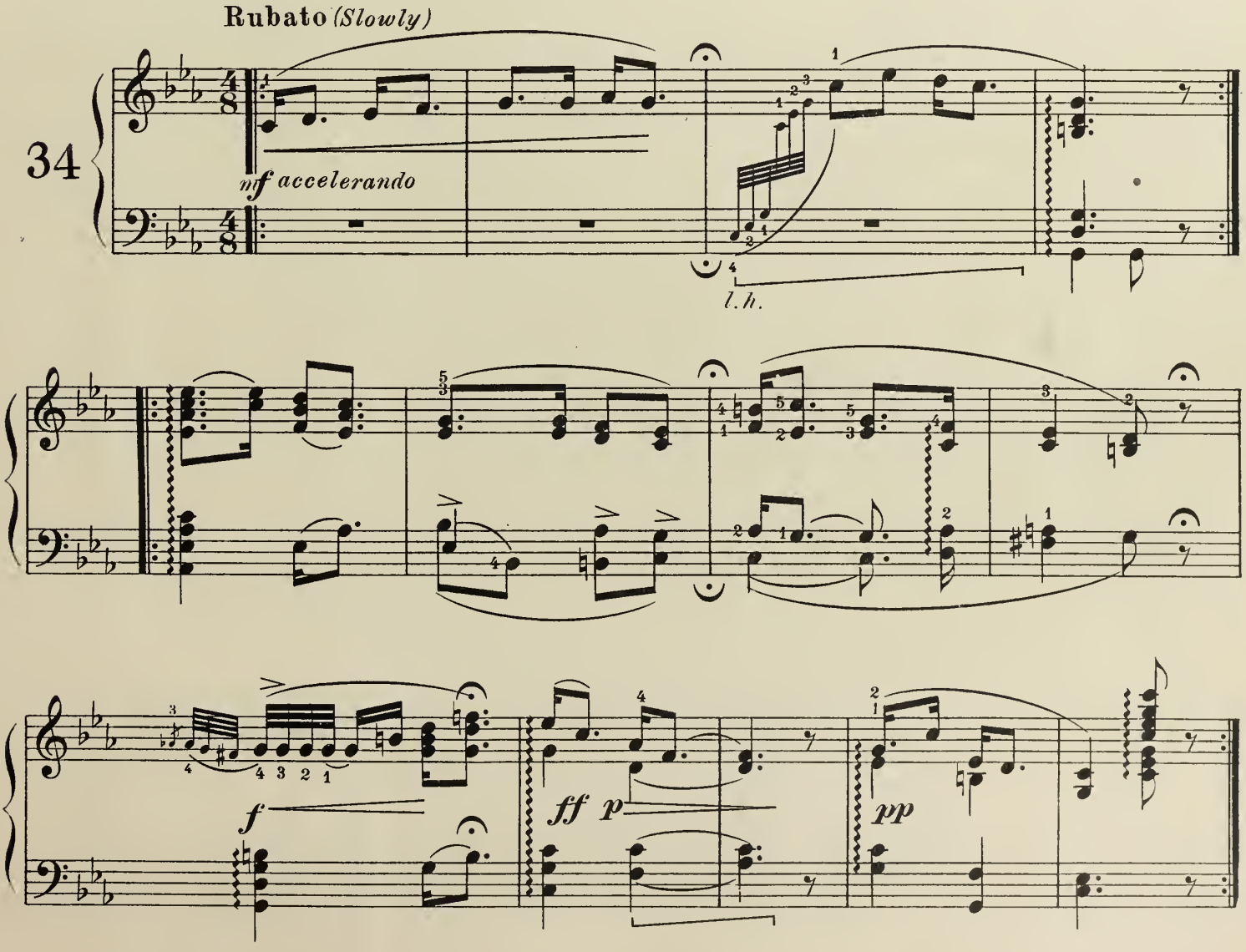
I had a crane-coloured, long-maned horse----





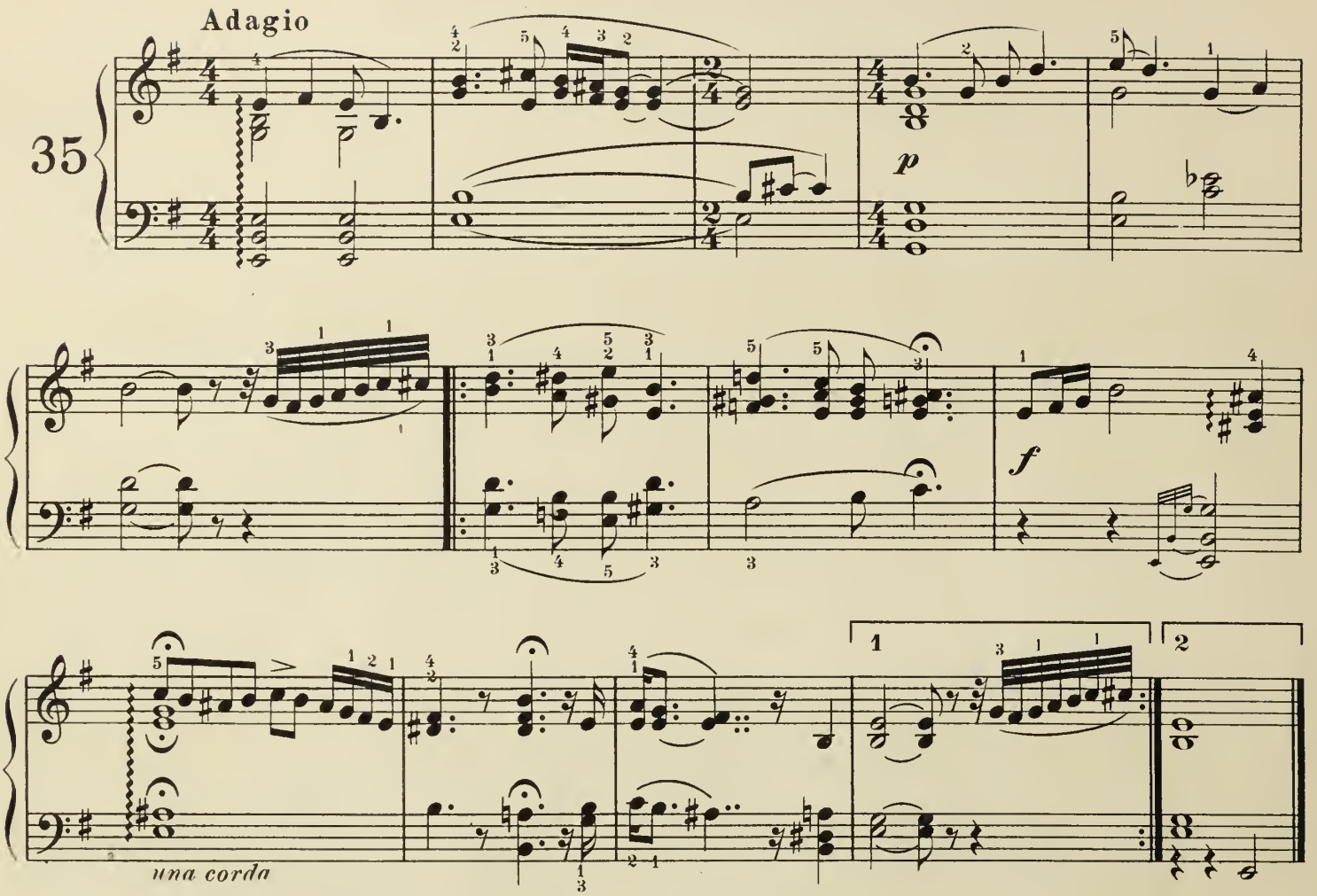
Megátkoztam csalfa szíved.

I have cursed your deceiving heart.



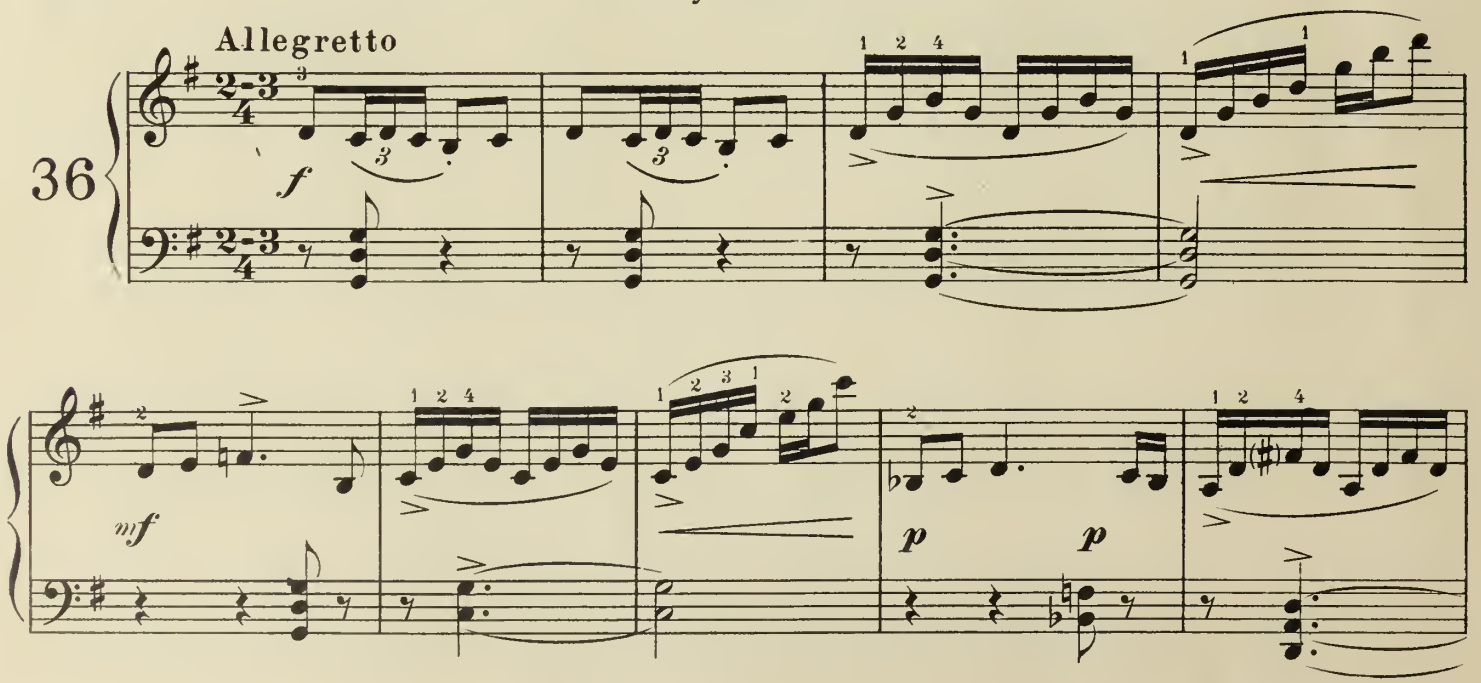
Bár merre jár----

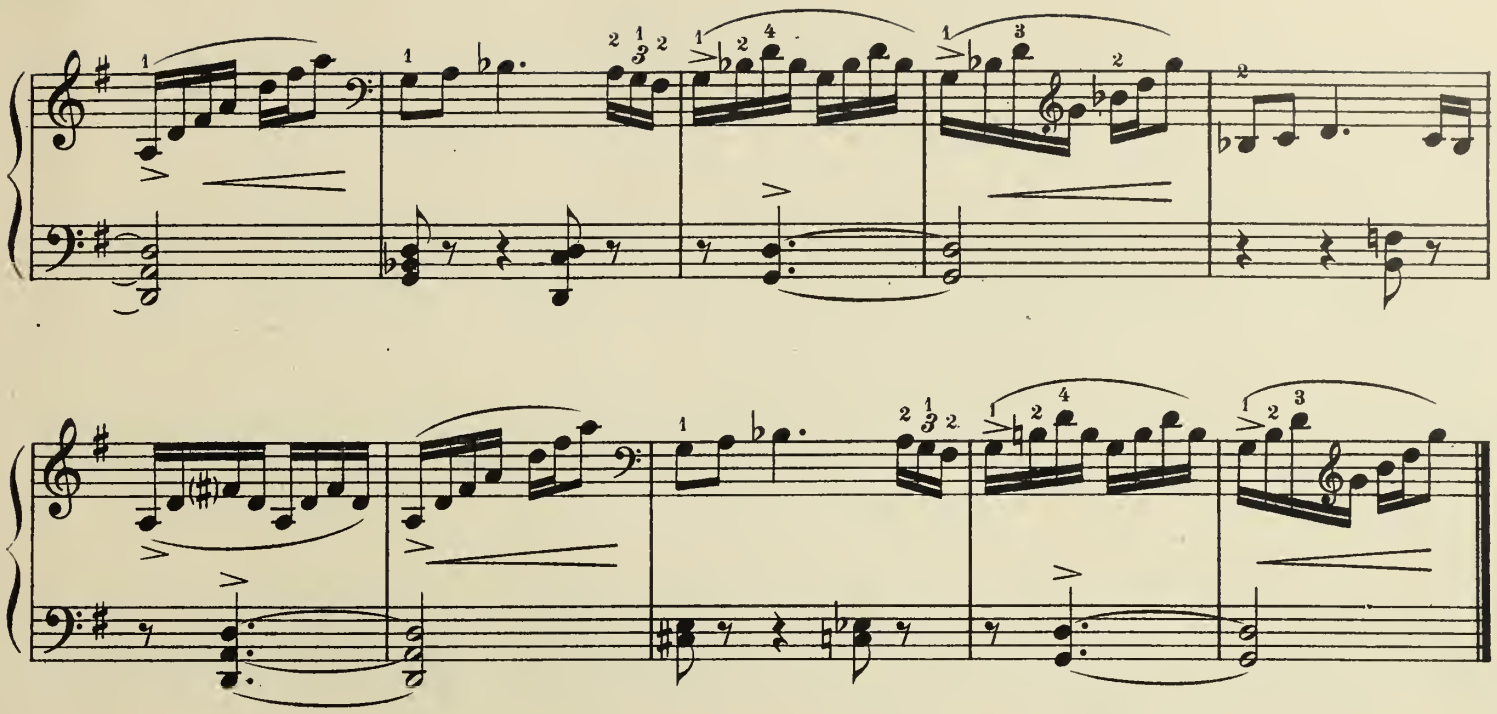
Wherever my glances go----



Nem parancsol nekem senki_

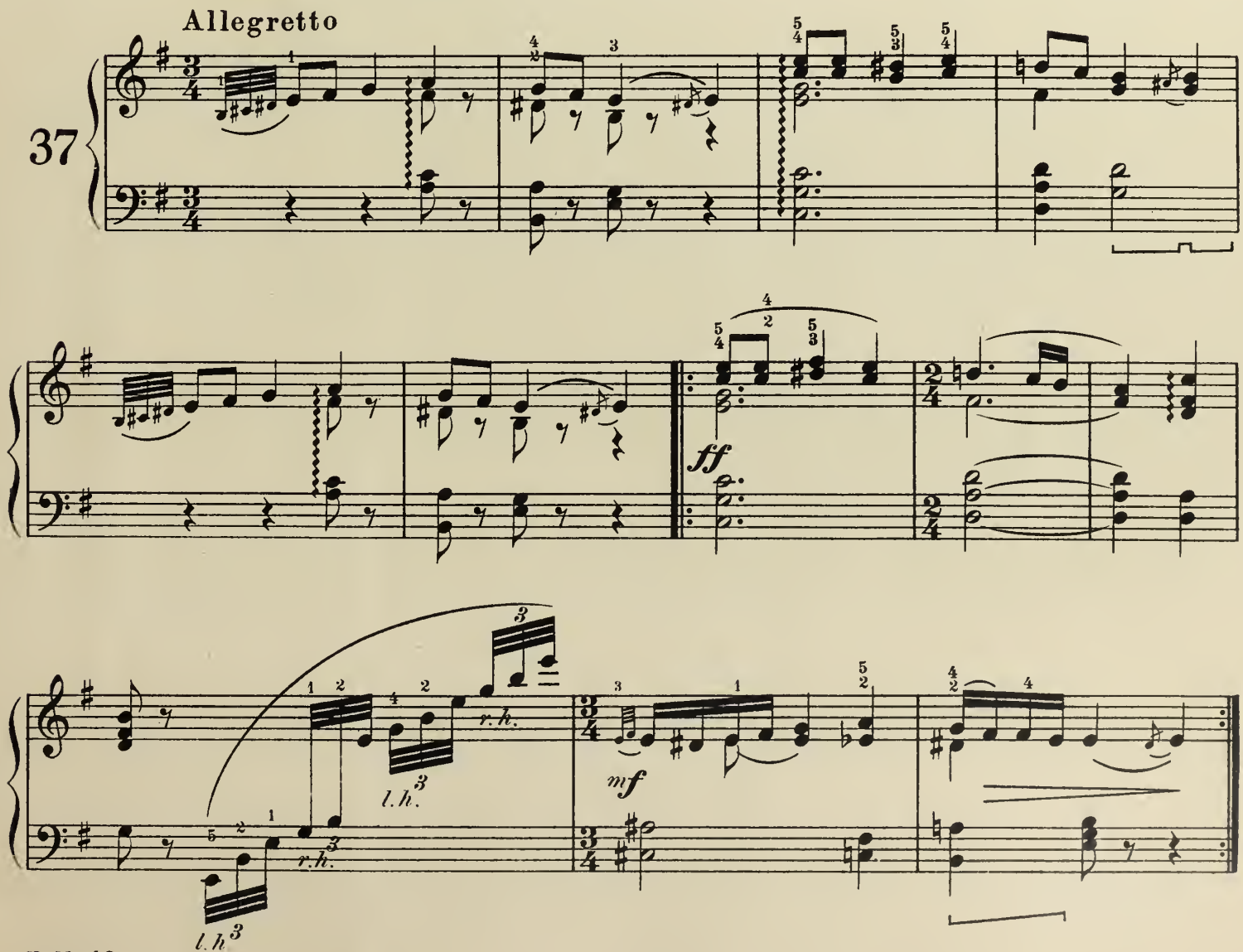
Nobody bosses me_





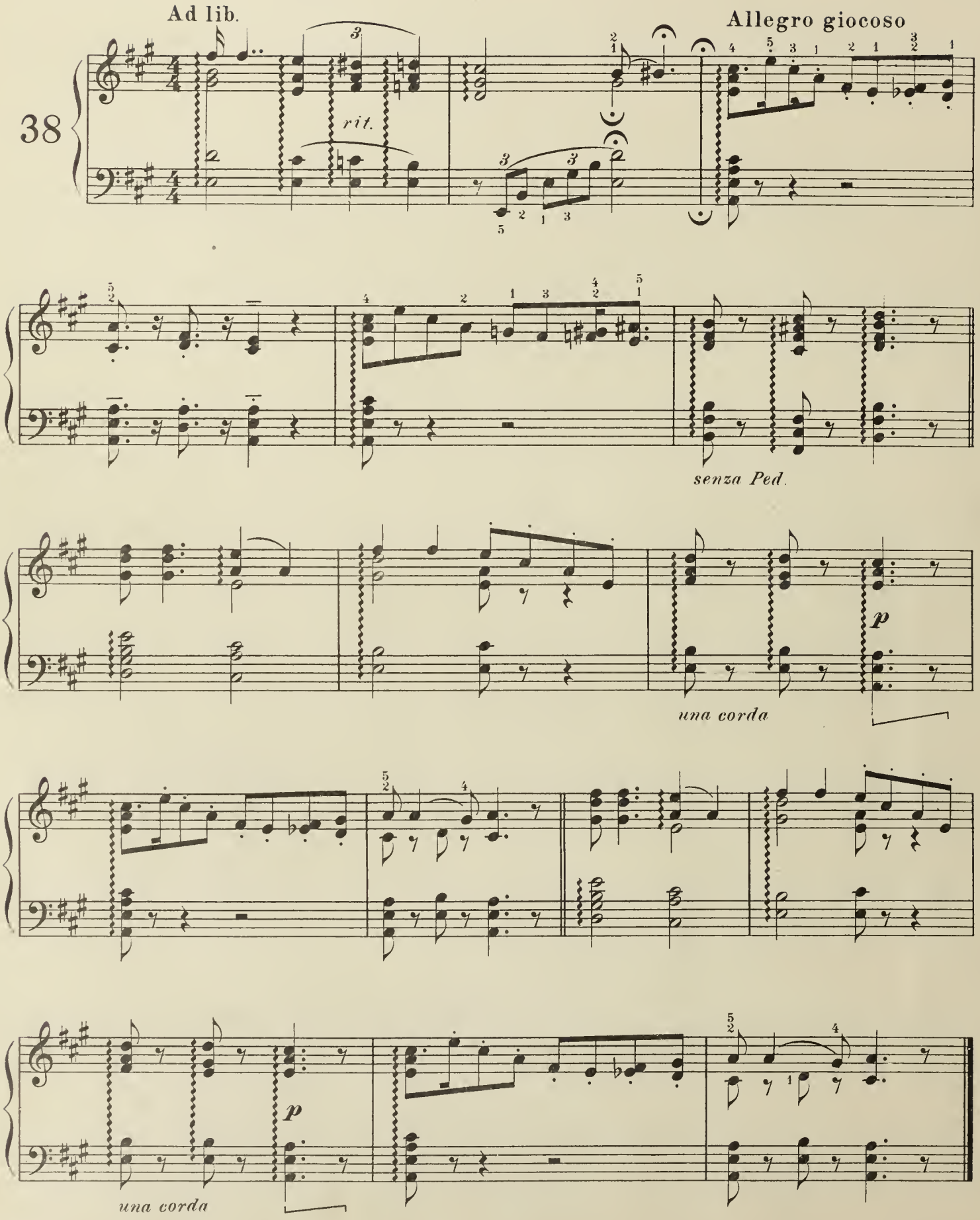
Mig a tóban halak lesznek....

So long as there will be fish in the pond....



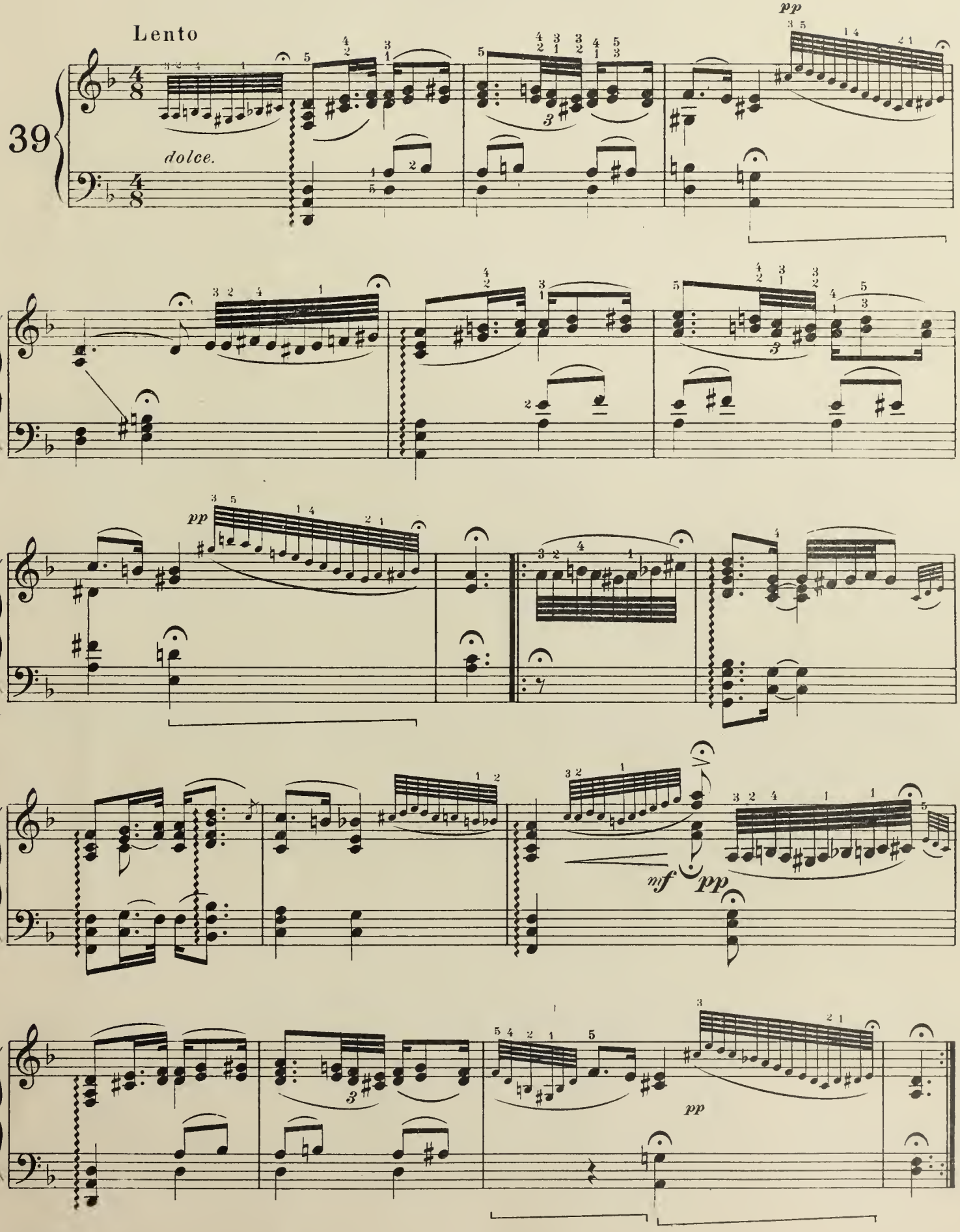
Rózsaszőllő édesebb....

Red grapes are sweeter....



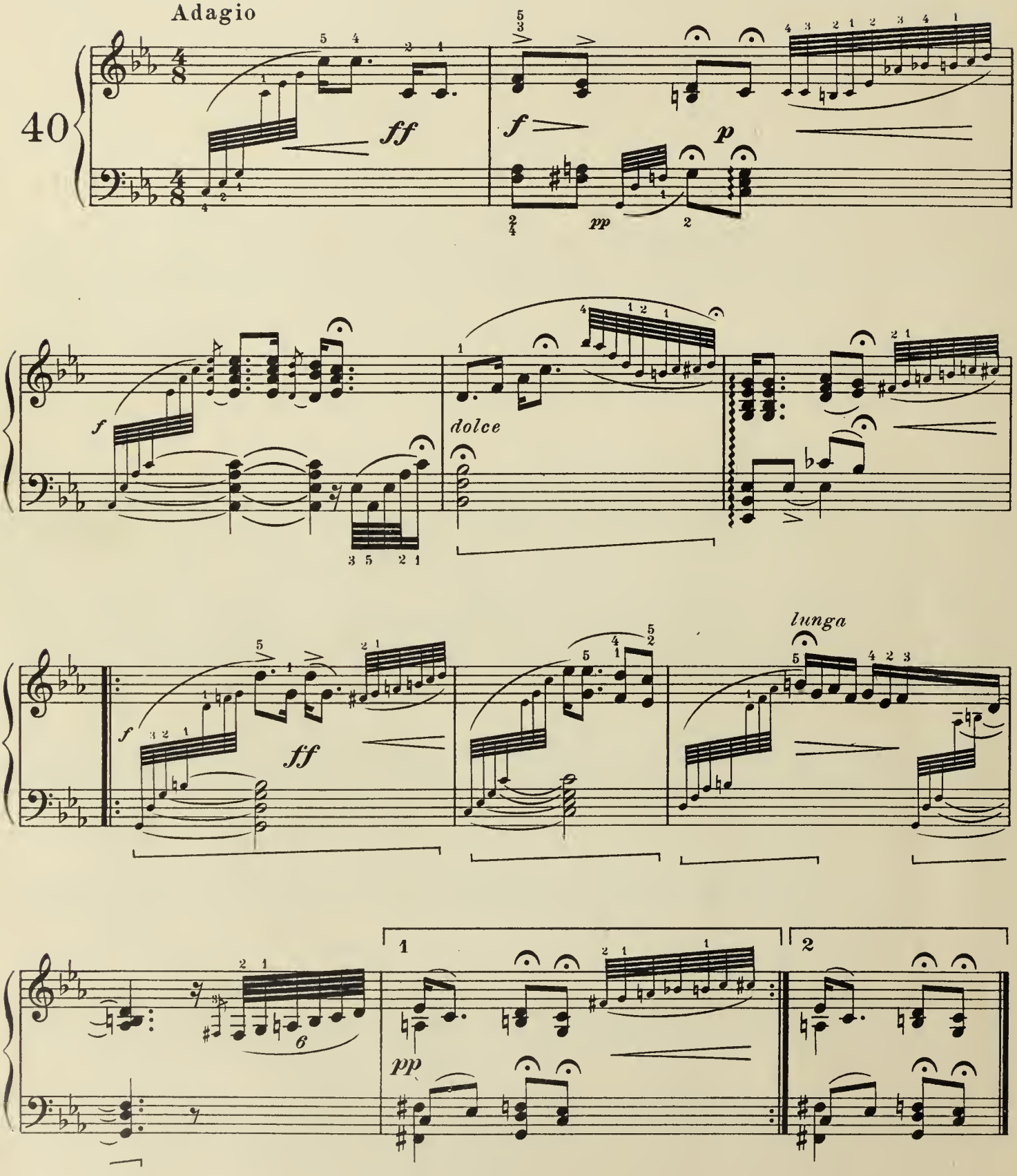
Régi népdal.

Ancient folk-song.



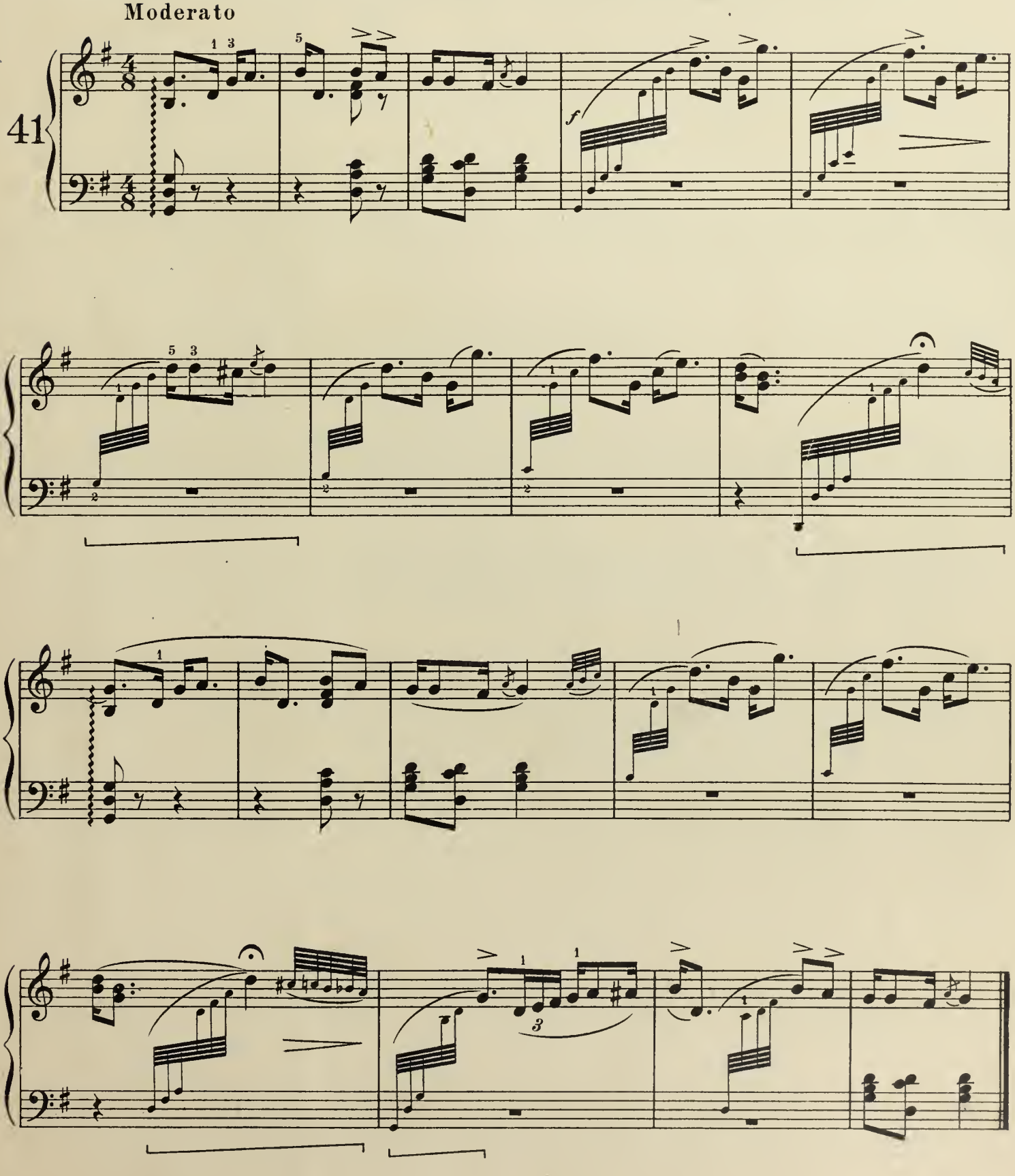
Eszem azt a kis kezedet....

Oh, I eat that tiny hand of yours....



Vékony héja van a piros almának....

The pink apple has a thin skin....

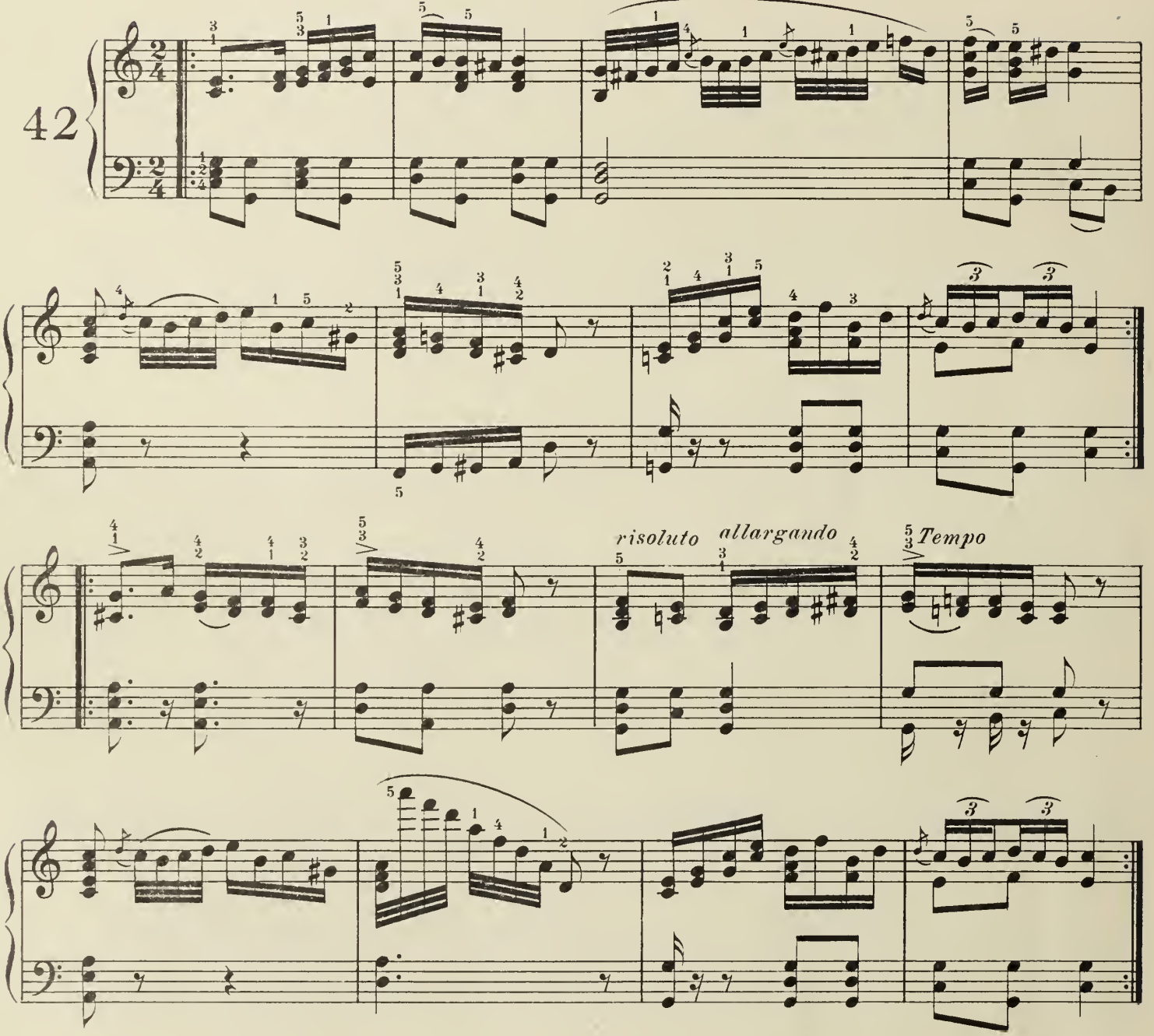


Lassú magyar táncz.(1807)

Slow Hungarian Dance.

Rhythmically

42

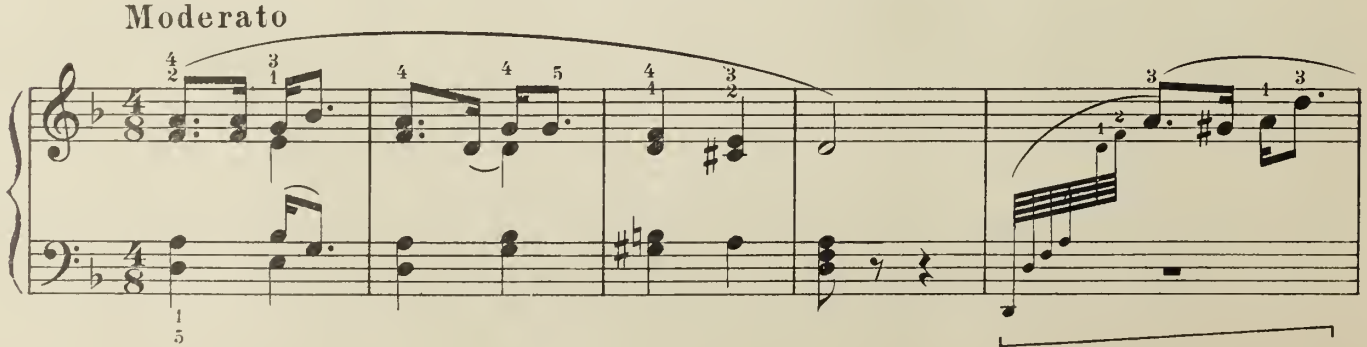


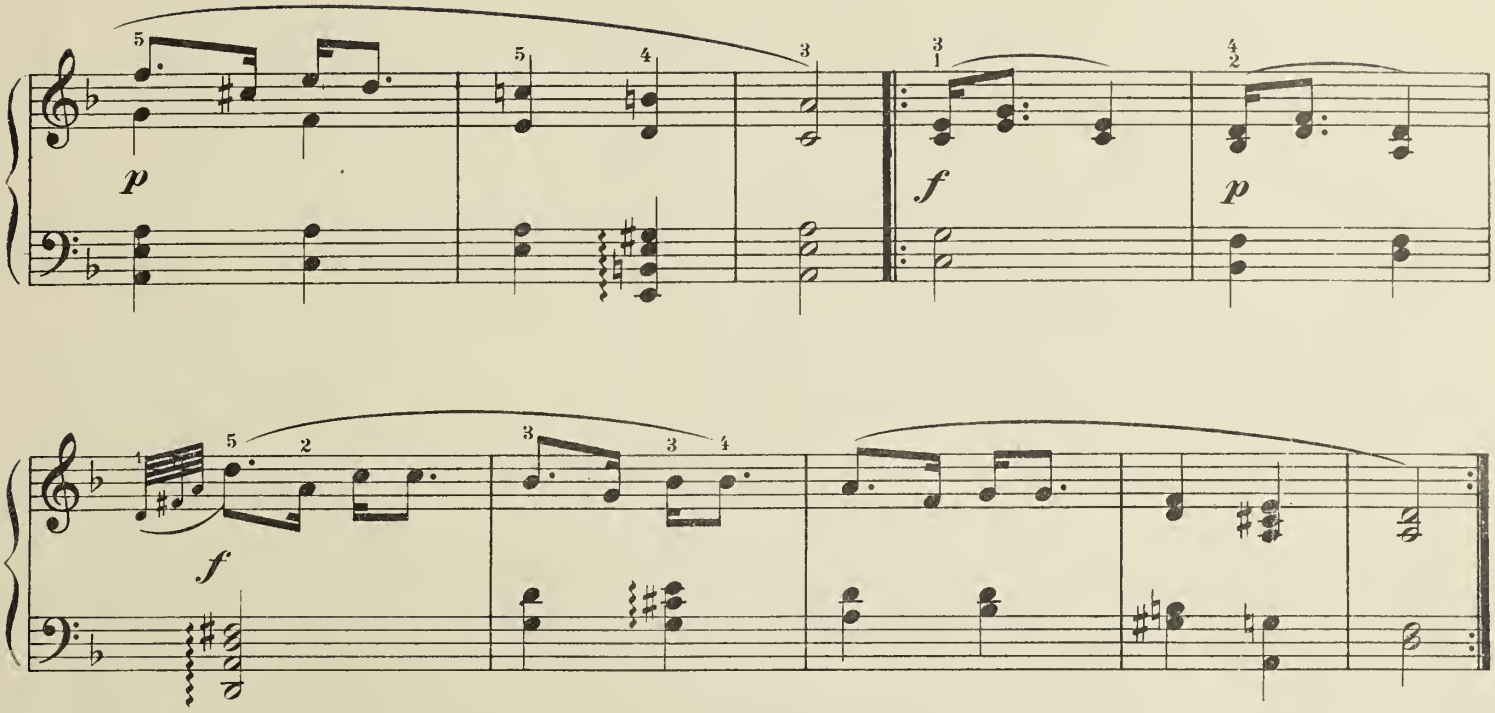
Édes anyám, nagy a bajom....

Dear Mother, great is my trouble....

Moderato

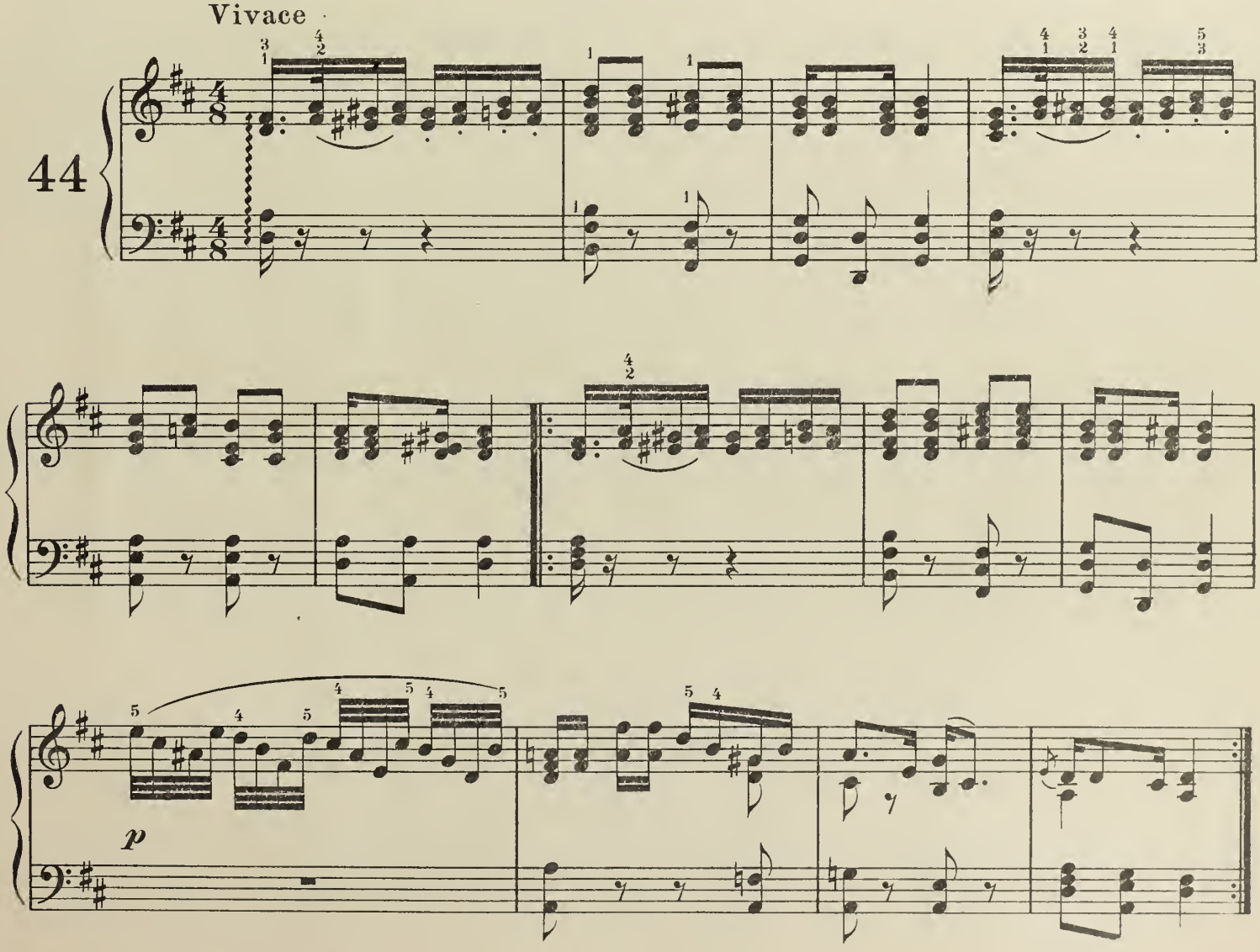
43





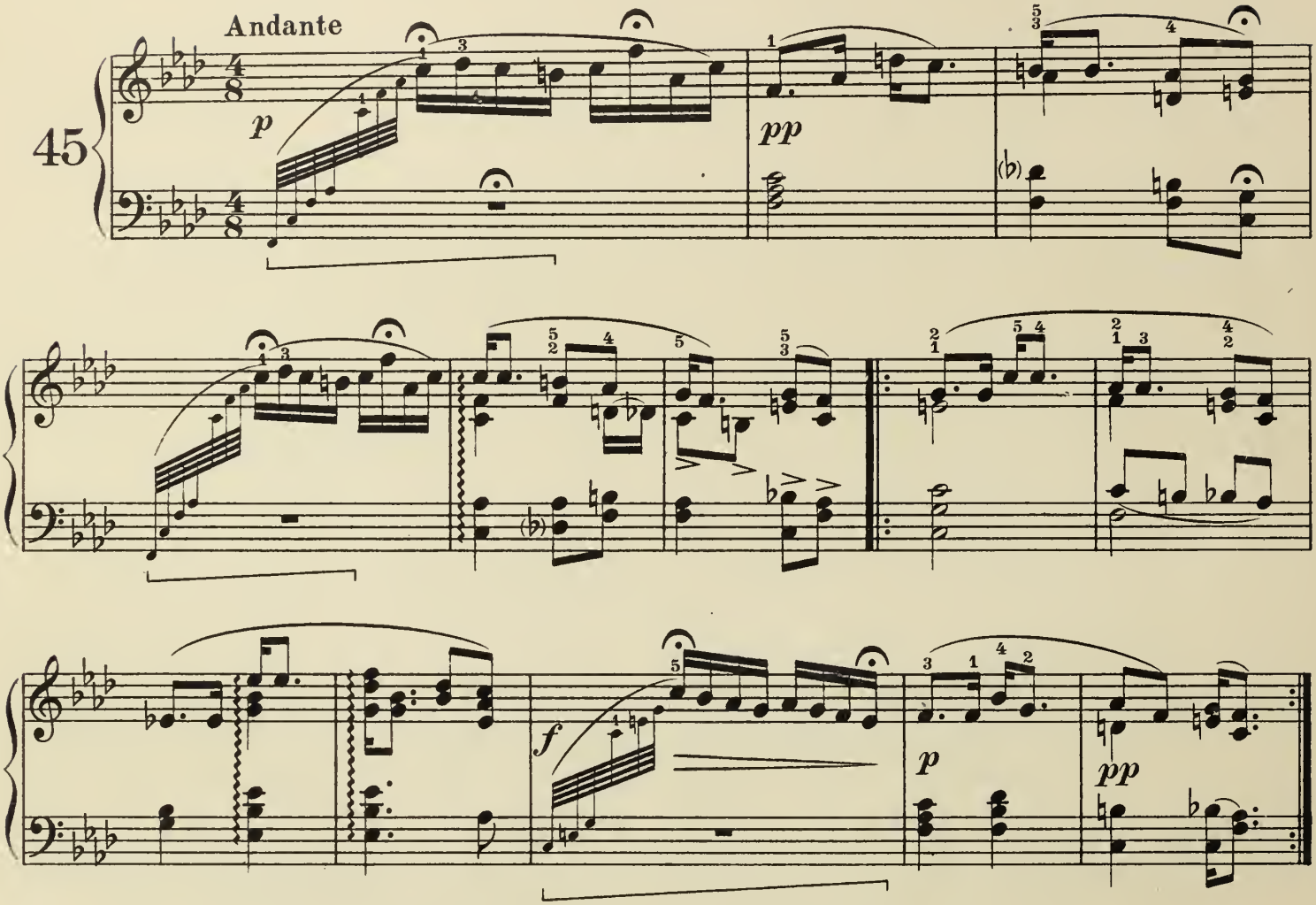
Pálfy huszár....

The hussar Pálfy....



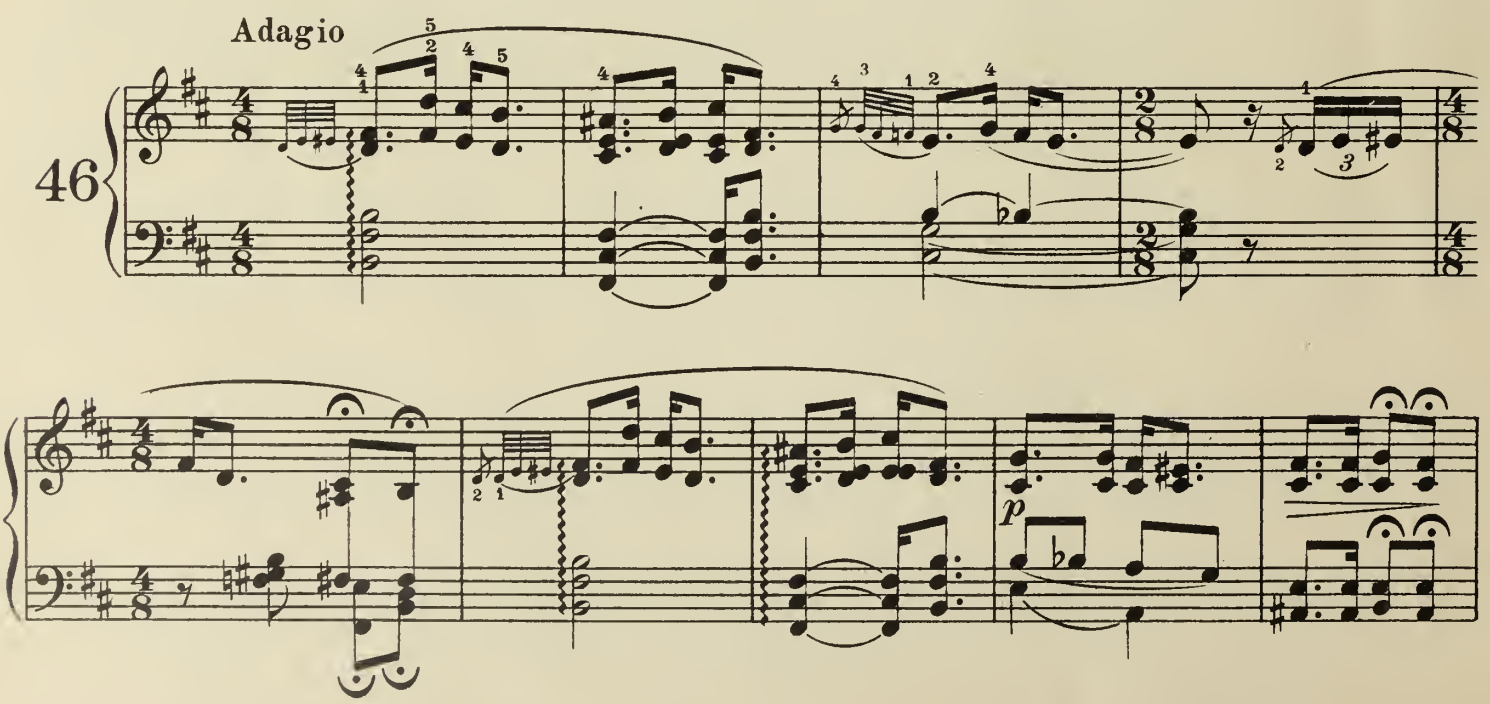
Mit integetsz a kendődel....?

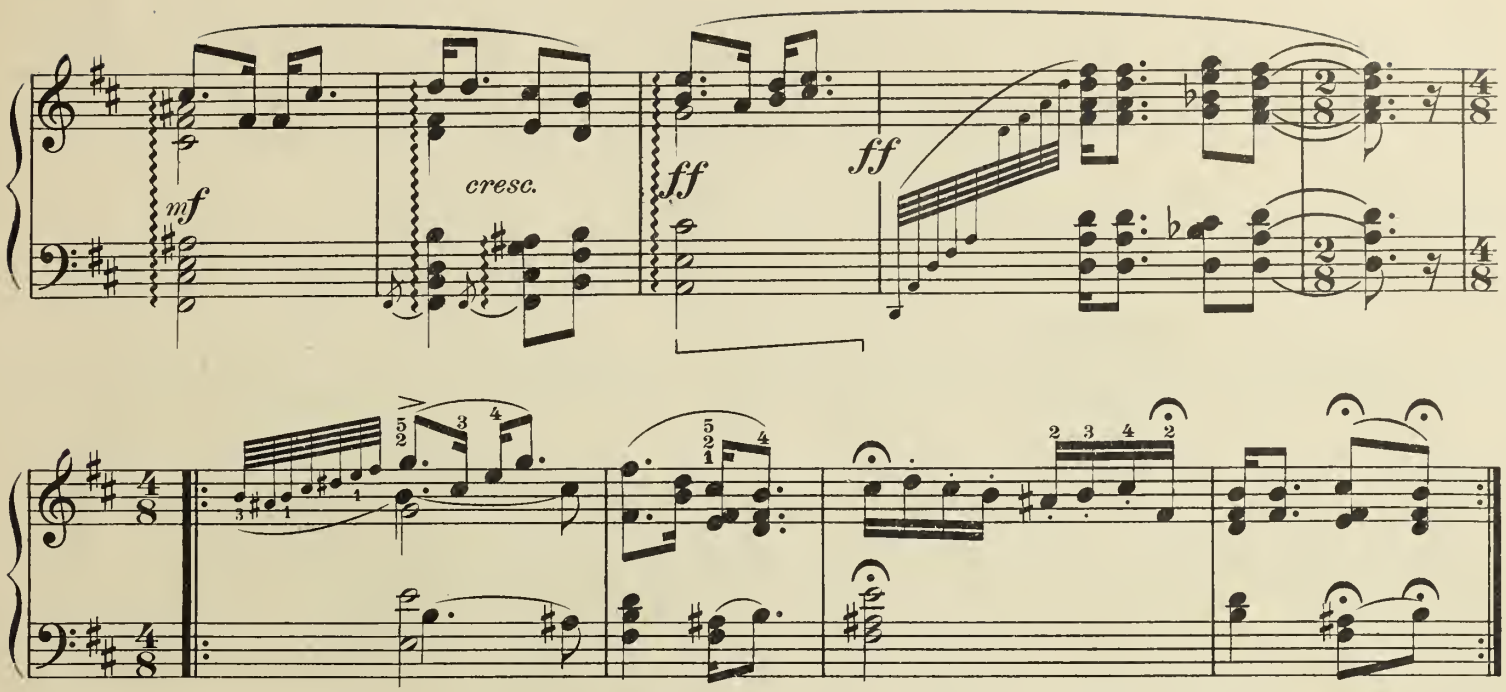
To whom do you beckon with your kerchief....?



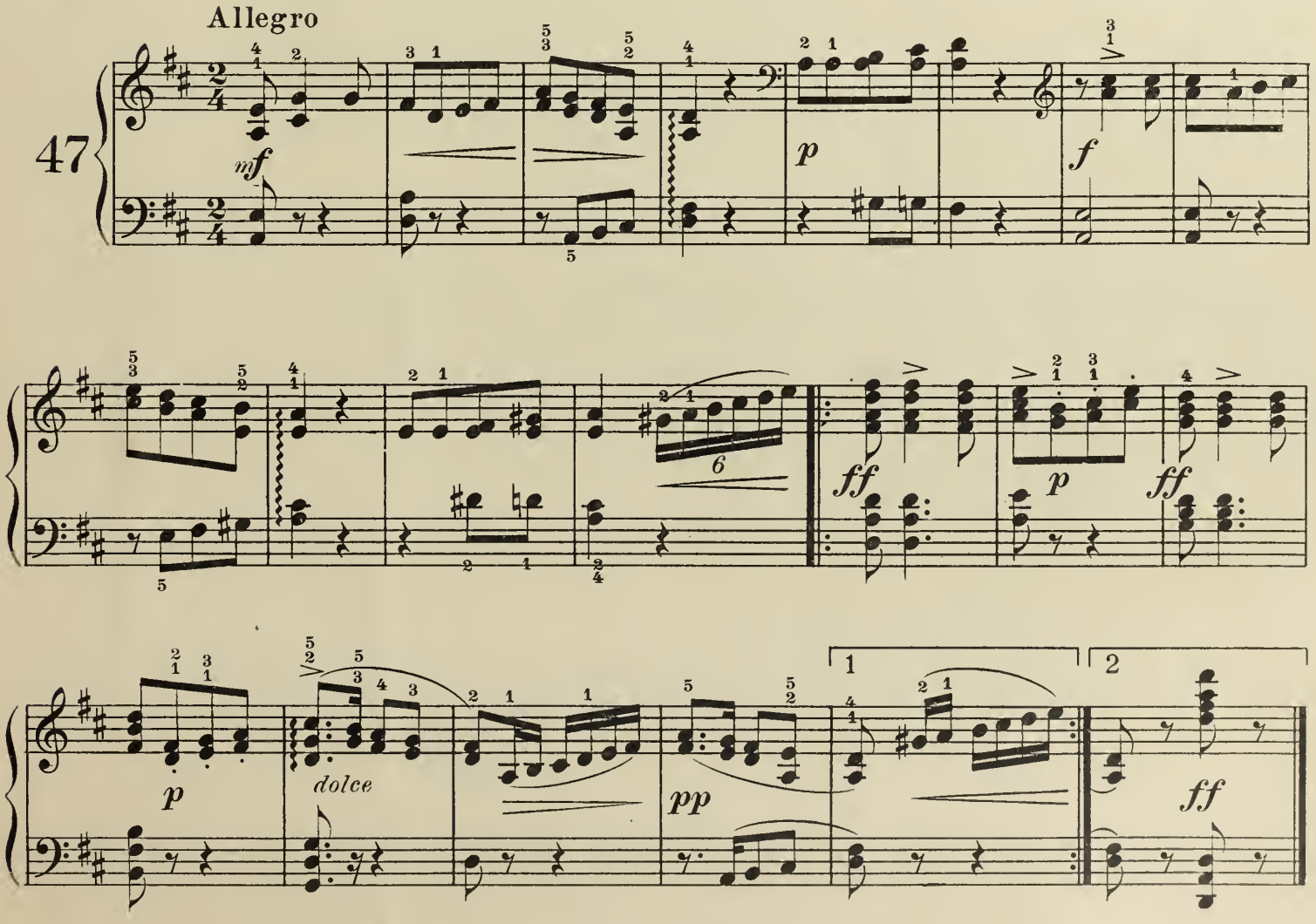
Mit integetsz a kendődel....?

(Another version)



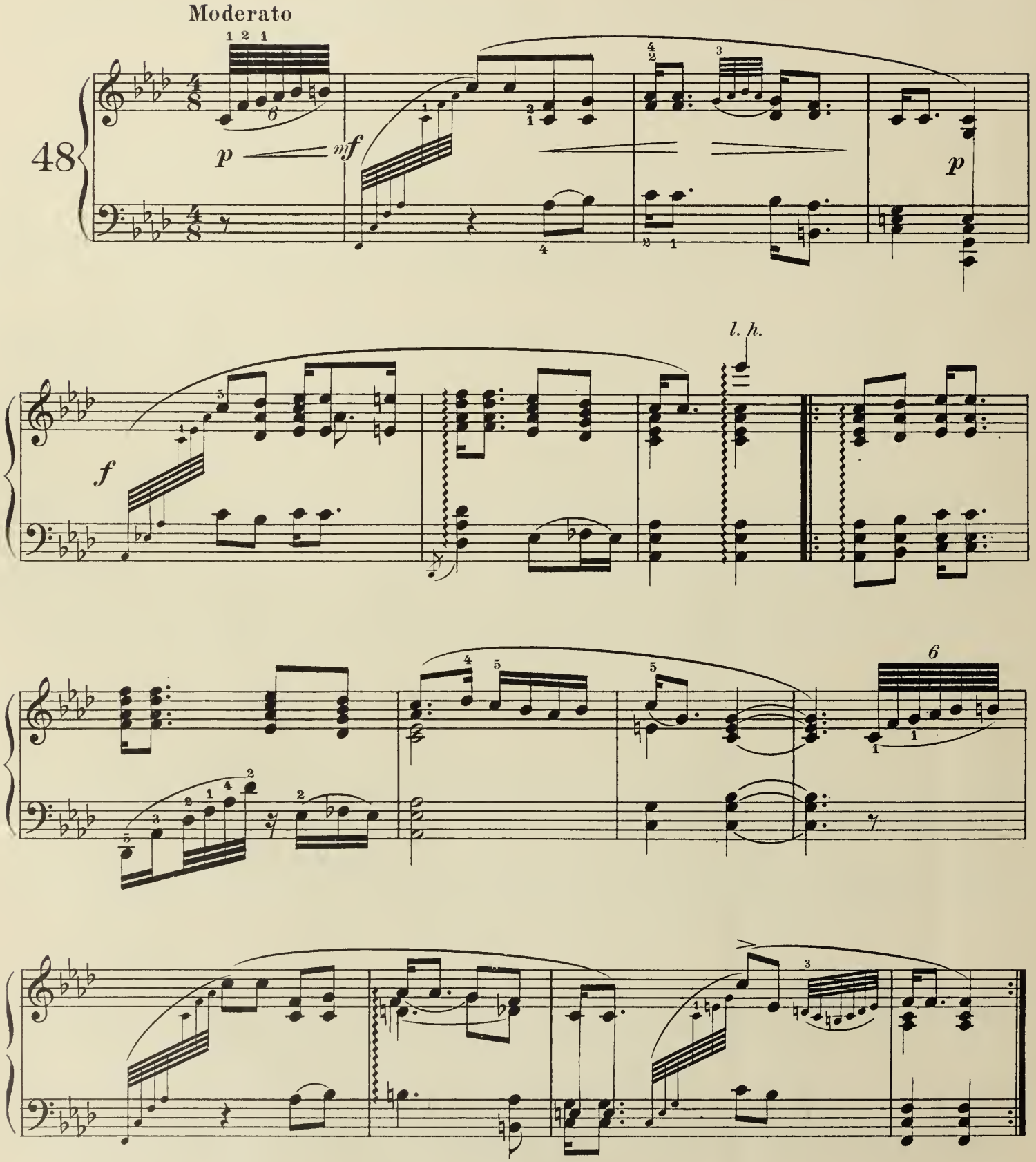


Hármat füttyentett



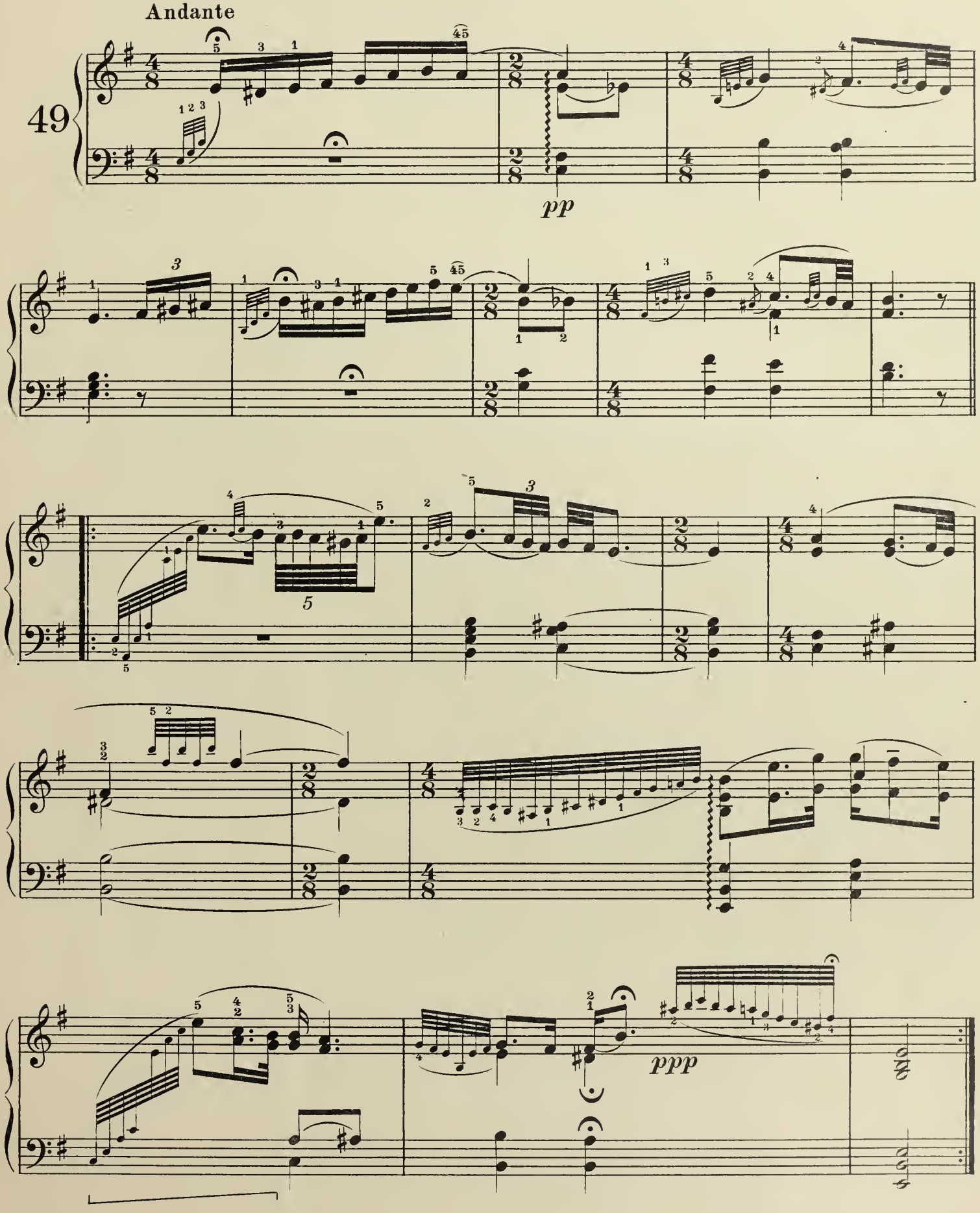
Hej! fosztóka, kukorica fosztóka.

Ah, vagrant, little corn thief.



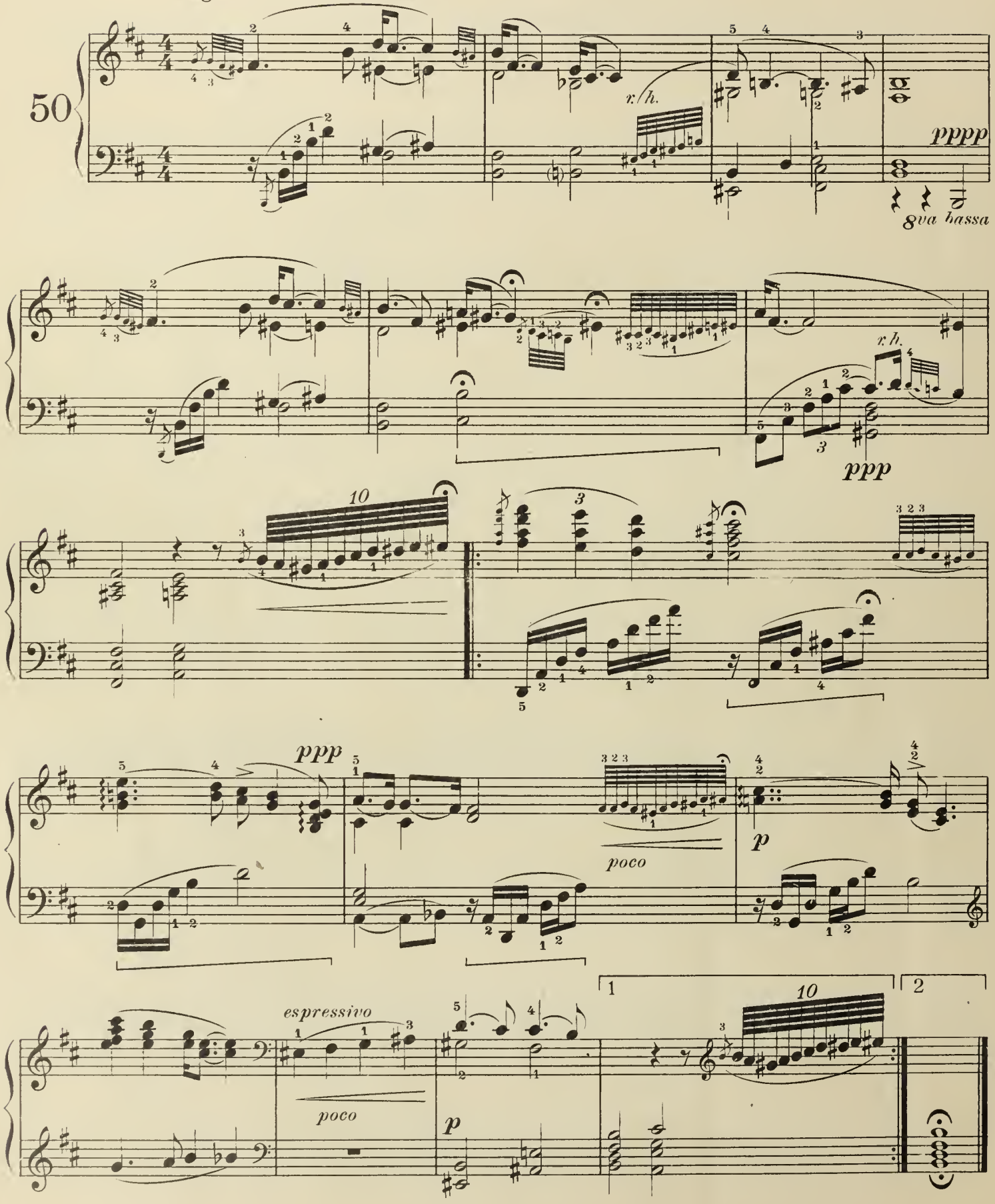
Be szomorú ez az élet.

Oh, how sad is this life.



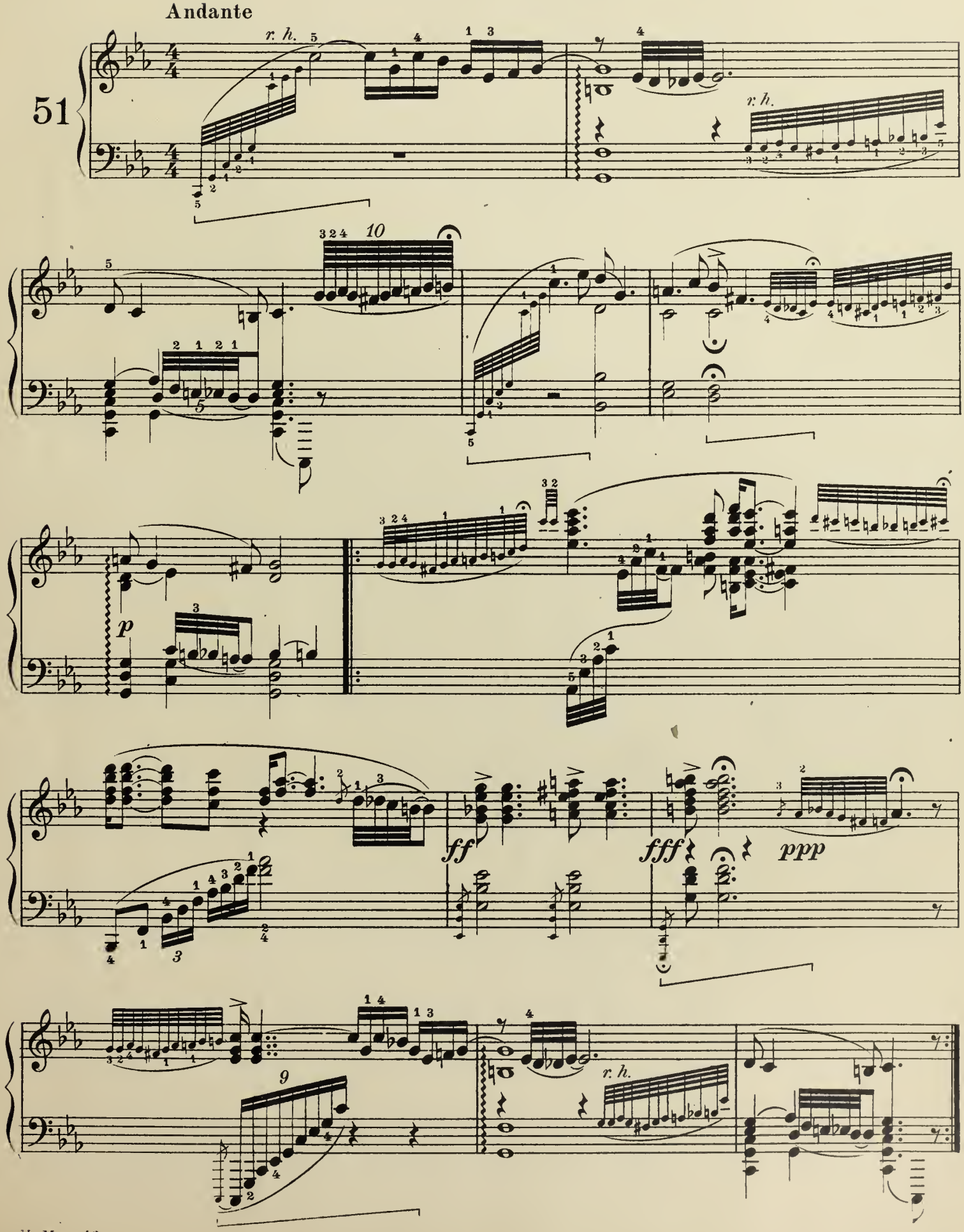
Messze hallik....
Twilight bells....

Adagio *(ad lib. e con rubato)*



Húzd ki czigány a vonódot egészen....

Pull the entire bow, Gypsy....



3 0112 061440373